

# 12TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

# B.A.R.

## BAY AREA REPORTER

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## CUAV Director Ousted

by Allen White

Last Monday, in a surprise move, the Board of Directors of the Community United Against Violence voted 6 to 0 to fire Bob Smith as the Project Director for the organization. There are now nine members on the Board. The remaining three members did not participate in the meeting and were made aware of the results the following day.

In consequence, serious questions have been raised as to the legality of the meeting. Officially, Simone Fleming, the new co-chair of the organization, would say only that the Board of Directors had voted to retain Dianne Christenson and Randy Schell and Bob Smith would no longer be on the staff of CUAV after March 31.

There was quick reason to the board's decision. The Bay Area Reporter has learned that the contract which CUAV has with the City of San Francisco specifies that the project director and the financial officer cannot be removed with-

out prior written approval of the City government. This was not done. Also, challenges have surfaced regarding the legality of the meeting which fired Smith.

Bob Smith is still in his job according to the contracts that fund the organization. Additionally, there have been questions raised relative to the Brown Act, with regard to public notice of meetings by organizations which receive virtually all of their funding from a government agency. The merits of this will be decided by legal counsel of the City and County of San Francisco.

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## '82 Parade Takes New Look

By Allen White

"The Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade & Celebration must reflect the community's politics and not just the personal politics of the co-chairs. That is an important difference in 1982." "We must attempt to deal with the entire community." "The parade has taken an unfair brunt because the problems facing the community reach a confrontation as the parade is put together." These are some of the comments made in an interview earlier this week with the co-chairs of the 1982 San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade & Celebration.

The co-chairs are Glenna McElhinney and Rick Turner.

Combined, these two people possibly have more experience

(Continued on next page)



Rick Turner and Glenna McElhinney head up the '82 Parade. (Photo by Rink)

## Gay Lunch A Hit

## \$12,000 Raised for Governor Brown

by George Mendenhall



Privacy Commissioner Jerry Berg introduces Gov. Jerry Brown to his Gay and Lesbian supporters. (Photo by Rink)

A wildly enthusiastic crowd gave frequent standing ovations to Governor Jerry Brown at a fundraiser on March 25 at the Hyatt Regency Hotel. Attorney Jerry Berg (who organized the luncheon with Marianne Andrasik from the Brown campaign) looked out at the crowd of what he described as "a wide diversity of conservative and liberal Gay people and some well-adjusted heterosexuals." The 127 guests paid \$100 each to honor Brown for his numerous appointments of Gay people to places in state government. The \$12,000 raised went to the Brown for U.S. Senate race.

Berg called for national legislation to liberalize immigration laws and add "sexual orientation" to the Civil Rights Act of 1965 plus opposition to the Family Protection Act. The governor began his re-

marks by saying, "Well, that is where we are and where we are going."

The governor's serious remarks began with a jovial reference to retiring Senator S.I. Hayakawa. He said that Senator Alan Cranston and himself will be two "wide awake" senators who agree on Gay rights and similar liberal issues.

Brown, who has appointed more Lesbians and Gay men to state positions than all governors in the United States combined, reminded the crowd that he had spoken out for equality based on sexual orientation in his first inaugural address. He proudly said that his recognition, of Gay people helps move California "into the 20th century, recognizing the diversity of our people, our capacity to accept new ideas, new lifestyles, new philosophies."

Continuing applause stimulated the governor to continue: "We are in the midst of a continuing revolution and we will win against the forces of reaction that try to label, to stigmatize. We will continue to invent what America and California are all about. We are a much larger coalition — interested in human rights and the triumph of the human spirit. I recognize the role that

Gay people play in this process."

The governor acknowledged the political power of Gay people when he made reference to the recent withdrawal of anti-Gay literature released by one opponent's campaign. He said, "The people who brought you Hayakawa should not be given a second chance."

Governor Brown was obviously relaxed as he shook the hand of every guest. Among his Lesbian and Gay greeters were city officials Phyllis Lyon, chair of the Human Rights Commission; Jo Daly, Police Commissioner; Thomas Horn, War Memorial Board member; Tim Wolfred, Community College Board; and Carole Migden and Sal Rosselli, candidates for positions on that board.

Atty. Berg himself serves on the governor's Personal Privacy Commission with Paul Lorch, editor of the Bay Area Reporter. Municipal Court Judge Mary Morgan (Brown's major local Gay appointee) was also on hand.

"Well-adjusted heterosexuals" present included Supervisors Richard Hongisto and Louise Renne, candidate for Congress, and Municipal Judges Isobella Grant and Dorothy von Beroldingen. ■

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## '82 Parade Takes New Look

(Continued from Page 1)

relating to this event than any other two people. They have been working to put this experience to work since they were elected last November. Because of the major changes made last year in the structure by 1981 co-chairs, Greg Day and Barbara Cameron, the 1982 event will be unique.

One change in the administrative procedure is that the event is now a year-round operation. For the first time, the process is in place for the co-chairs to have time to gather information from the entire community and present it to steering committees as well as the general membership.

Last week their bank balance jumped from \$1,376 through a loan from the Golden Gate Business Association of \$5,000 to \$6,376. The money in their treasury was a result of a surplus from last year's event. This amount is considered an excellent cash position realizing that for the first time since 1978 there is an "identifiable office and telephone which will be operated on a year-round basis. The wheelchair accessible office is 4599 18th Street just West of Douglas Street.

Glenn McElhinney has been involved in the San Francisco event since 1977. That year she was a monitor. It was also the year she founded "Dykes on Bikes". In 1978 she co-chaired the Safety Committee with Tom Hart. In 1979 she chaired the Women's Outreach Committee. In 1980 she was a monitor and in 1981 she was a consultant to the Security Committee.

Rick Turner worked on four Los Angeles Christopher Street West Parades and in 1980 was that parade's treasurer. The event showed a \$25,000 profit. Turner noted that in Los Angeles they charge admission to the festival (the L.A. equivalent of the S.F. Celebration). In 1981 he was the March Sub-Committee co-chair with Hydrie Downard.

When the two became co-chairs they purposely planned a strategy to give them a high profile in virtually all areas of San Francisco's Gay community. They have either together or individually attended a wide variety of functions. These have run a gamut including the opening of Atlas Savings & Loan, the swearing in of Concerned Republican officers, the Coronation of the Empress de San Francisco, operating a booth at "Women's Day In The Park", attending Chorus and Band concerts and parties, carrying a banner in the January El Salvador March, participating in Gay Olympics auctions, working on security at the Milk/Moscone Candlelight march, attending the Coalition for Human Rights, Harvey Milk Club and Alice B. Toklas Club meetings as well as participating in the Cable Car

Awards and the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence sport activities.

Because of the framework that was developed last year, the general membership makes the decisions. They feel that they are making educated votes because they are being supplied information. Both McElhinney and Turner are in accord that they have to be straight-forward in their approach to problems as they arise. At the same time they stated they will "fight the standard of people trying to push the parade into being a trash receptacle for the community's problems." Both Glenn McElhinney and Rick Turner have stated that they are both personally available to discuss any part of the event with anyone.

One area where there has been confusion has been in the sensitive area of parity. Parity means that there are goals written into the by-laws of the organization which make it mandatory that all areas of the Gay community be a participant in the decision making process. The parity applies only to the steering committee and the board of directors. The by-laws state that there be a 50/50 balance between Lesbians and Gays. 30% of the people must be people of color, 20% must be disabled and 10% must be youth. The purpose behind these percentages is to reflect the spirit of these groups in the decision making process and by including these people there is an intent of sensitivity towards all people. It was stressed that the parade and the celebration would most realistically not reflect these percentages.

The most important area where the parity issue has become unbalanced in discussion relates to the disabled. For example, they note that if 200,000 people march in the parade, it would not be realistic to believe that 40,000 people would be disabled. What is realistic, they say, is to realize that because there are disabled on the steering committee, there will be dialogue to avoid any event which is officially sponsored to not be accessible to any person.

The budget for the 1982 Parade is now set at \$84,000. \$24,000 of that money is budgeted for the program. At the same time, they expect to generate \$26,000 in revenue from advertising. \$21,000 is budgeted for the Celebration. That includes portable toilets, stages, sound, clean-up bonds, insurance and press platforms in the cost. \$5,000 is budgeted for presenting the parade. \$5,000 is budgeted for health and security. \$17,000 is budgeted for administrative expenses which includes office space, salaries, phones and other office expenses. \$7,500 is budgeted for beer which they

sell and which they anticipate to see gross sales of \$22,000. An additional \$4,000 has been allocated to advertise the event. On the revenue side, they anticipate \$15,000 in the sale of t-shirts, buttons and posters and they are scheduled to receive \$10,500 from the San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund. They also anticipate receiving another \$15,000 in booth rental and parade entry fees. If all goes the way they plan, the parade will break even financially. So there will be a surplus for the following year and to anticipate any imbalance in the budget, several fund-raising activities will be presented.

Additionally, they have made note of their periodically issued newspaper, "On Parade". To date, there have been four issues. At the January board meeting, the general membership voted that advertising sales in the publication must cover the costs or the paper cannot be printed. In discussing the paper with the B.A.R. the co-chairs noted that it would be unlikely if another issue would appear prior to the parade. The reasons given is that the program is a higher priority item and they do not wish to have the newspaper compete for advertising revenue with the parade program. After the parade, there will be another issue of "On Parade" which will carry, among other features, the final budget and acknowledgements.

Another important subject covered in the interview related to the charges filed after the 1981 parade with the Police Internal Affairs Bureau. Almost 30 complaints were filed. A report was to be forthcoming, but nine months later there is still no report. It was evidently shoved into a corner until the avalanche of reports were received following the Super Bowl victory. Both Police Commissioner Jo Daly and Jane Murphy have assured the parade co-chairs that there will be a full report to the community and that disciplinary action will be taken where it is proper. The 1982 Parade Committee will be working towards the best proper relations with the Police Department. Glenn McElhinney witnessed much of the police violence at the 1981 parade and she finds the conduct unacceptable and said it was a reflection of the poor relations that exist between the Police Department of San Francisco and the Gay community.

Glenn McElhinney and Rick Turner are working to provide the general membership with the most complete overview of information possible. It is that body which makes the final decisions as to the direction of the parade. The co-chairs encourage any person who wishes to participate in the most important day of the year in the Lesbian or Gay man's calendar to join them.

## CHR Endorses Fund

The Coalition for Human Rights last month passed a rewritten resolution encouraging the raising of funds for the May 21st (White Night) Defendants' fines, probation fees, and restitutions assigned by the court.

The Billy Budd Memorial Fund, which will come under the Capp Street Foundation, received the coalition of Lesbian, Gay, and Bisexual groups' endorsement after

several paragraphs were stricken from a resolution narrowly defeated at the Coalition's February meeting.

Billy Budd was a 19-year old May 21st Defendant who killed himself in his parents' home in 1980 while under indictment for his participation at the City Hall protest of the Dan White jury verdict.

An amendment to the CHR endorsement that

would have condemned violence by both police and demonstrators was overwhelmingly defeated before the Coalition's endorsement of fund-raising was adopted by the same near unanimous majority.

No Executive Director, nor Board of Directors has yet been formed to direct the project reports CHR member Konstantin Berlandt.



## Rumors Fly on New U.S. Rights Choice

According to a release from Gay Rights National Lobby, just when the Gay community was basking in a rare victory — the withdrawal of anti-Gay Rev. B. Sam Hart from consideration as a member of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, GRNL reports that his replacement may be no better.

GRNL learned last week that Robert A. Destro, former General Counsel to the Catholic League on Religious and Civil Rights, is being considered for nomination to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission.

Destro's personal views on justice for Gays are unknown at this point; however, the Catholic League on Religious and Civil Rights, which has close association with the anti-Gay Far Right journal *The Wanderer*, brought suit in the late 70's to try to block

IRS tax-exempt status for Gay rights organizations.

In a similar nomination fight earlier this session, the individual nominated was forced to withdraw because he had connections with the "Liberty Lobby," another Far Right group which espouses anti-Jewish sentiment.

Steve Edean, Executive Director of Gay Rights National Lobby, stressed that, at this point, Destro's possible nomination to the rights post is only rumor and speculation. Edean indicated that GRNL, as the community's lobby at Congress, would carefully monitor developments and would work closely with Frank Scheuren, President of Dignity and a GRNL Board member, and with others to research Destro's stands in case of his possible nomination.

## Holy Week Retreat

*Bridge Building*, a Catholic urban retreat center in San Francisco is sponsoring for Gay and Lesbian Catholics the second in a short series of two evenings of recollection during the current season of Lent. The event was a success at the beginning of Lent, and the second evening is scheduled for the Tuesday of Holy Week, April 6, from 7:30 to 10 PM in a meeting space at St. Mary's Cathedral located at 1111 Gough St. Its theme will be "Living the Passover."

The evening will be loosely structured and will consist of Scripture readings, prayer together, common sharing, and some quiet time as well. It is hoped that an ongoing support group of Gay Catholics

participating as such in their parishes will form from these evenings. There will hopefully be some spiritual enrichment for the participants as they encounter Holy Week and also some support given to Gay Catholics as they conduct their lives in our community and in their parishes.

The April 6th evening of recollection will be organized and conducted by Father Dan O'Connor, the director of *Bridge Building*, and by two lay Catholics, a Gay man and a Lesbian.

All are invited to attend, and non-Catholic Christians are welcome too. Call Bridge Building at 751-1739 for more details.

## Willie Brown Parties on Pier 3

by Allen White

In tight black leather pants and a stylish black sweater, Willie Brown, Jr. officiated over one of the most extravagant civic events in recent memory. That the man is Speaker of the California Assembly, represents the 17th district, and is possibly the most charismatic politician in San Francisco, gave him the clout to put it off. The reason for the success though was his creativity and his remarkable ability to pull people together.

The final count indicated 3,150 people paid \$25 to thread their way through Pier 3 at Fort Mason. Those attending, who included almost every campaigning or elected Democrat in the area, were presented with a miniature San Francisco featuring many of the City's best known locales and attractions in addition to an international buffet of foods.

Pier 3 is the size of two football fields, and after crossing a large replica of the Golden Gate Bridge, the people passed by scenes depicting city landmarks. There was a stage at each area. To begin the evening of entertainment, Willie Brown, backed by a Golden Gate Park setting introduced the "Men About Town." Directed by Bill Ganz, the "Men About Town" is a sub-group of the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus. When asked his comments by the *Bay Area Reporter* about starting off the evening with a Gay musical group, Brown said, "Man, can you think of a better way? They're great."

Moving through the huge area there were presentations at a Mission Dolores setting,

down on Fisherman's Wharf, Chinatown, Japantown, Willie's Soul Food and finally at the rear of the huge pier was Willie Brown's Cabaret. The area was so large that there were seventeen restrooms, a first aid station, and a map was provided for the guests. The parking area was sufficiently large enough to make a continuous shuttle bus service necessary.

Brown had said that his main purpose was to give his friends an evening that is affordable, fun and exciting. Noted San Francisco heterosexual activist Herb Caen had dubbed the event a "fund-loser" and and title stuck. Caen was present surrounded by a bevy of beautiful women. Cyril Magnin also joined the festivities. At the cabaret Willie Brown introduced many of the personalities. The star entertainer at his cabaret was Melba Moore.

The *Bay Area Reporter* staff covering the event noticed several bizarre incidents that could probably only happen in San Francisco. Three Gay political club officers stated that they fell in love at the event. Knowing Gay politics it was probably lust and not love. There was also noticed a definite pre-occupation by several seemingly straight photographers interested in tight ass shots of Willie Brown in his black leather duds. To watch a kneeling photographer behind the Speaker of the California State Assembly is unique to our city.

As Melba Moore sang the audience danced. Cyril Magnin, Herb Caen and Wilkes-Bashford all got a ring-side seat to watch how well men can dance together. Cecil Williams doesn't watch, he was out dancing with his new wife, Jan Mirikatani.

"Oh, what a night!" was the name of the event and financially as in most other ways it lived up the title. Reports indicate the fundraiser brought in well over \$75,000 and that Willie Brown left a very happy man.



Assemblyman Willie Brown in South of Market gear with Mayor's aide Rotea Gilford (c) and Herb Caen (r). (Photo by Rink)

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# Renne Moves Campaign Into High Gear



Congressional candidate Louise Renne and her Gay aide, Allan Johnson. (Photo by Rink)

Over 100 supporters — mostly Asians and Blacks — turned out Wednesday morning (despite the rain, wind, and hail) to kick off Supervisor Louise Renne's San Francisco bid for Congress.

The San Francisco appearance was one of several that Renne's staff had scheduled for the day. Similar rallies were held in Marin and Vallejo.

Renne staffers distributed press kits to the dozen or so journalists, and the candidate spoke — clearly and crisply — from other prepared copy. Prior to the sudden opening of the 6th Congressional seat, Renne had been working on her public speaking skills, and the brush-up paid off handsomely this week. She punch-

ed out her words with emphasis and economy; all the same her sincerity and winning personality shone through.

Renne stressed, "We must stop Ronald Reagan's attempt to turn the economic clock back to 1930 and the international clock ahead to Doomsday." She offered President John F. Kennedy as her inspiration, quoting his words, "We've got to do better." "Those words and that President were the reasons I got into politics and why I passionately believe that we can do better."

In so alluding, Renne broke ranks with the recent past, and equally so with her opponent, Barbara Boxer, whose ties with the Burton brothers

and the floundering Carter administration are memory at hand.

Renne continued with the Kennedy motif, "Doing better in 1982, as in the Kennedy days, calls for a daring and a courage we haven't seen for some time — a willingness to ask the hardest questions, explore all possible answers, and make decisions which will not always be popular."

To date Renne has the powerful endorsements of both Mayor Feinstein and the S.F. Labor Council. Whether she gets the endorsements from the Gay clubs and the Gay press will be decided in the next few weeks.

While her opponent in June's primary, Barbara Boxer, has promised to appoint to her staff a Gay person once elected, last week Renne, upping the ante, appointed her volunteer Gay aide, Allan Johnson, to her campaign staff in a paid position. Johnson serves as a personal aide, accompanying the candidate to all of the functions she must attend. Johnson told the *Bay Area Reporter* that Renne's stand on Gay rights and her friendship to the Gay community "is not something of the future but is the proven record of fact." He speculated that Renne's appeal would be to "moderate Gays and Lesbians . . . some progressives and even some Republicans."

The Renne camp was in high spirits this week as their candidate was picking up important endorsements and moving into high gear. At her press conference Renne looked buoyant and relaxed and sounded strong and confident. All, speculated one bystander, "good omens."

When queried by one reporter what did Renne perceive as the difference between her and her opponent, the candidate retorted that her campaign would be based on issues, not personalities.

# ACLU Takes Libertarian Suit

by Konstantin Berlandt

According to Libertarian Bookstore manager Eric Garris, American Civil Liberties Union attorney Amitai Schwartz has agreed to represent the Libertarian Party and Bookstore in the Libertarians' \$21 million suit of the city and police department.

Garris says the suit will be filed in May.

Garris, along with Lloyd Taylor and Dirk Van Horne, were cleared of all charges March 8 and 9 by Judge Lillian Sing, who ruled that the police search warrant for their October 6 raid on the Libertarian Bookstore was invalid.

called it when the charges were thrown out. The Libertarian damage suit to follow includes \$10 million to the party, \$10 million to the bookstore, and \$200,000 each to six people involved in the mass arrest of 11 people at the bookstore and one in her home afterwards.

Garris says they are still trying to get their property back from police but that police deny they ever took some of it. Sgt. Gregory Corrales, who testified against Garris at the hearing, told *B.A.R.* back then that police took nothing but necessary evidence such

## LIBERTARIAN Publication



Libertarians pose in front of their raided headquarters on Market Street. (Photo by Rink)

Garris had been charged with misdemeanor and felony possession of drugs with intent to sell. Van Horne for felony and misdemeanor possession of drugs, and Taylor for possession of a concealed weapon. Justice Sing, however, Garris said, did not uphold the Libertarian claim that the police raid on their headquarters on Market at Octavia was "political harassment" when she ruled the police search warrant invalid.

Garris said their lawyer in the criminal case, Jasper Monti, argued that the search of a mail service concession inside the Libertarian Bookstore after an alleged marijuana sale there did not entitle police to search the entire premises of the bookstore itself. No more than if police were investigating an alleged drug sale across a counter at Woolworth's could they search other franchise counters the dime store rents out.

"Good vindication" Garris

as letters or telephone bills that might indicate suspects' illegal activity.

Much of what police say they never took is included in the damage suit, Garris said this week.

Three of the dozen people arrested in the raid and afterwards pled guilty: Doug Tappan, owner of the mail service inside the bookstore, the person who allegedly committed the sale that prompted the police raid later in the afternoon — Tappan accepted a \$1000 fine and six months probation; his wife Elizabeth Tappan, arrested in her home after the raid, pled guilty to possession of under an ounce of marijuana; Jane Atkinson, parked outside the bookstore at the time of the raid, waiting for her passenger inside the bookstore to return, pled guilty to having an open alcoholic beverage in her car.

Charges were dropped last fall against the other arrestees.

### Primary Endorsing

## Candidates to Speak at Stonewall

Candidates for nomination to the race for the redistricted seat (the 6th) in Congress which includes Marin, Vallejo and parts of Daly City will speak at the Endorsement Meeting of Stonewall Gay Democratic Club next Monday, April 5, at 7 pm. Candidates for judge have also been invited to speak, and the meeting will begin at 7:30.

For the main event, the invited candidates are: Supervisor Louise Renne (S.F.) and Supervisor Barbara Boxer (Marin), former Sheriff Louis Montano (Marin) and City Councilman Anthony Intintoli (Vallejo). They will speak for 3 minutes and then answer questions. Later, the club will vote its endorse-

ments in all races on the June 8 primary ballot (which is the choice between Democrats for the final in November) and the choice on the propositions and judges, a once-only vote which is not considered to be partisan.

Stonewall has published its own analysis of the propositions and mailed it to the membership. Extra copies will be available at the meeting Monday at the Women's Building, 3543 18th Street.

Stonewall Gay Democratic Club meets on the first Monday of each month, and its Executive Board meeting on the second Monday is open to the public. For further information, call 655-7194 or 626-1245.



## EXTRA INTEREST

Atlas adds a touch of glamor to the art of saving money. To celebrate The Grand Opening, the Hollywood photographs of George Hurrell will be on display at Atlas through April 13. Exhibit courtesy of Harcourts Gallery, San Francisco.

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# CUAV Director Ousted

(Continued from Page 1)

cisco, Bob Smith, and ultimately the Community United Against Violence.

Smith told the *Bay Area Reporter* he does not honor the actions of the board and will report to work today (Thursday). He said, "I'm fighting because I believe in CUAV as an organization, in the services we provide to victims of violence. I believe in the community and I believe in defending my rights against injustice. It is ironic that an organization dedicated to serving victims of violence so knowingly assaults the rights of its employees, volunteers, and clients." Bob Smith further stated, "I believe that illegal means were used in the acquisition of less than substantial information for the basis of my firing. I have not been fired for cause, nor have I been fired through 'due process' within the organization. I will continue to serve our community until all of my due process rights are exhausted."

Those voting for the removal of Smith are Carmen Vasquez, Louise Minnick, Simone Fleming, Kathi Smith, Pat Norman, and Randy Stallings. The other three members of the board — Ron Huberman, Ron Wycliffe and Richard Williams — did not vote and were not aware that the removal of Smith was an agenda item.

Carl McMillin, who resigned last Thursday, told the *B.A.R.* that he was flabbergasted. "I just don't think they got the message from the District Attorney, the Mayor, or the Mayor's Office of Criminal Justice." That message came down in a report which was presented to the board of CUAV at a meeting last Thursday. The contents of the report are for internal use by the Mayor's Criminal Justice Council and the board members of CUAV and are, at this time, not available to the public. One point that can be made is that within the report are serious allegations regarding the spending of City funds. In addition, the group has until April 30 to respond to the City with a full and complete report. Should this not be done there is every reason to believe that not only will CUAV be cut off from City funding but the organization and possibly the individual board members will be held responsible for the spending by the agency since funding began last June.

One person who seriously questions the actions is board member Ron Huberman. He noted that there is a job description with specific qualifications for the project director. The two other staff people at CUAV were not hired to be a project director, and Huberman questions their ability to do the job that is needed before April 30. Huberman stated, "I regret the board's decision. Bob Smith has demonstrated his ability as an extremely able and effective spokesperson for CUAV." He continued, "Smith is the last of a group of people who took a concept called the Community United Against Violence and made it a reality." Ron Huberman questions where the responsibility will now rest.

Richard Williams, the Secretary of CUAV, was advised of the actions of the board in a telephone call on Tuesday evening. Regarding the April

30 deadline, he said, "There is no question that the recommendations of the Mayor's Criminal Justice Council will be implemented by April 30."

Simone Fleming, co-chair of CUAV, said that the responsibility of pulling the report together by April 30 will be assumed by the Board of Directors.

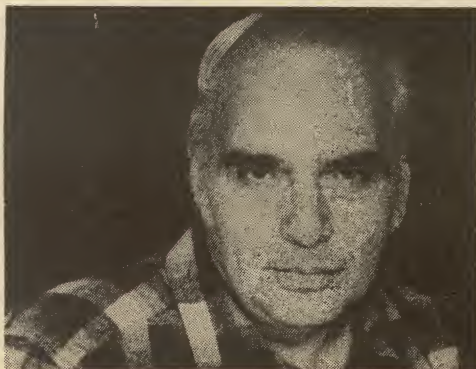
Ron Wycliffe, also a board member, told the *B.A.R.* that this action will be "the nail that nails the coffin lid shut. If this does not totally destroy CUAV, it will be another major rift."

Through several interviews, the *Bay Area Reporter* has determined that several legal obstacles still face the Community United Against Violence. The total picture is extremely serious, and sources close to the contro-

versy have noted that there appear to be violations of not only contractual agreements with the City but also criminal statutes. Information provided the *B.A.R.* indicates the board meeting which voted to fire Smith actually was attended by three people and the remaining three voted by telephone. If true, this could legally void the actions of the board. On the other hand, at press time city voices surfaced saying that the board acted within its rights. (These leads require further investigation and will be presented in subsequent issues of the paper.)

Randy Stallings and Simone Fleming, the new co-chairs of CUAV told the *B.A.R.* in an interview last week that there will be changes with the request that the community should now rally to support this organization to assure its survival. As noble as this declaration may be, there is now before this organization a set of legal problems which could destroy even the strongest of organizations.

Allen White



CUAV's Bob Smith — ousted but not down yet. (Photo by Rink)

## Lesbian Dropped by Famous Religious Journal

Chris Madison, 30, was described as "a person of skill and fascination with reporting" but she has been fired by the prestigious international newspaper *The Christian Science Monitor*. A rumor that she had "tried to entice a manager's wife into a lesbian relationship" led to her dismissal. She had seven years of employment.

The Boston dismissal brought a reaction from Bob McCullough, Gay People in Christian Science: "No openly lesbian or gay male member of the church may be an employee, practitioner (healer) or teacher. Branch churches usually exclude anyone who comes out. Anybody that's proud of being gay, who brings a lover to church, is thrown out."

The church is continuing to financially help Madison. Evidently members hope that she will become "healed" and "sin no more." Robert Nelson, a church official, says that all forms of "deviant sex-

uality" call for healing rather than condemnation.

In 1977, *Gay Community News* reports, the newspaper took a firm stand in favor of gay job, housing, and employment rights.

McCullough says the church is "full of gay women and men who are attracted by the church teachings that emphasize androgyny — describing God as 'male as well as female.' Each person must bring out the male and female within them."

Madison could not sue her employer for discrimination under Massachusetts law which has no "sexual orientation" protections. Her attorney believes she could sue under local law for "wrongful termination." It would be the first time the statute has been used to support a lesbian fired because of her sexual orientation. Meanwhile, Madison has resigned from her local church rather than face a church hearing.

## Alice to Endorse

Saturday, April 3 the Alice B. Toklas Memorial Democratic Club will be hosting candidates day.

Local & State Propositions

11 AM to 1 PM

Central Committee

1 PM to 3 PM

Congressional Races

3 PM to 4 PM

Contested State & Local Races

4 PM to 5 PM

Uncontested Races  
5 PM to 6 PM

Monday, April 12 is the Alice regular membership meeting at which Candidates will be endorsed by the Club. The meeting is scheduled at 7:30 PM.

Both meetings will take place at Swedish American Hall, 2174 Market Street (between Church and Sanchez).

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VOL. XII NO. 13 APRIL 1, 1982

NEXT ISSUE OUT: APRIL 8

NEXT DEADLINE: APRIL 2

## VIEWPOINT

### A Birthday Bulletin

With this issue the Bay Area Reporter begins its thirteenth year. Unlike comparable biological samples, we have no idea if we are still in our infancy, our adolescence, or have slipped into our middle age or our dotage. No yardstick is at hand to measure the significance of our age — and if there was one what would it tell us?

Perhaps if we were to be judged babes in the thick, we would be forgiven much. On the other hand, if we were labeled mature, we would be forgiven little for our failings. Regardless, I am in no mood for a birthday inventory.

On this occasion I would like to take an unusual step — pin a rose where I have never pinned one before. Unusual also because the gesture is so vulnerable to misinterpretation.

Thirteen years ago — long before "Gay" was fashionable or barely dreamt of as an opportunity — long before anyone ever heard of Harvey Milk, two men with no experience pioneered a whim. They began a newspaper. Paul Bentley and Bob Ross. One owned a bar, the other cooked and managed a restaurant bar.

These were in the days when police were still raiding Gay spots and carting paddy wagons-full off to be booked and disgraced. The days when to put an arm around a male companion's shoulder in public was construed as a sex offense. The days when more than two males never ventured into a straight restaurant for fear of rejection and ridicule. The days when people gave false names and dared not reveal where they were employed. The days when you saw your friends die from the disgrace and your heart didn't break — it instead splintered into slivers of iron filings and bitter rice. It was a furtive time, but a time when one by one strong men, or stalwart men or (as seen by most) reckless men were popping their heads out of that subterranean world and into the firing line. The most enlightened (progressive) thinking was: make friends with straight politicians and let them carry the queer agenda. Or thinking was that anyone who ventured into the no-man's-land had nothing to lose. The days when a Mayor Alioto would walk through the Tenderloin with a flamboyant drag queen but would not talk to a homo in a two-piece suit or a fluffy sweater. A Gay bar was as fragile and as sinister as a venus fly trap, and the word "Gay" was an underground adjective applied only for its irony — the vast discrepancy between reality and expectation.

The B.A.R. began as a clandestine broadside as subversive and as incriminating as any Tom Paine Federalist paper of 1770. All the writers used pseudonyms, and the paper was hidden under the bar, and readers spirited it away and never let it lie about. At its best it was low camp.

Ross persisted and poured his own money into it month after month, borrowed money. And even after he and Bentley went their separate ways, he hung on. When I began writing for the paper nine years ago neither I nor anyone else was paid. Three years later when I began as full time editor I worked six months without a paycheck and every third phone call was a dunning phone call — where's the rent? where's the telephone bill? where's the printing money? Not for a moment did Ross ever think of abandoning his project. In 13 years he has seen as many publications come and go. They were going to be bigger; they were going to be better; they were going to be brighter. Slicker, Saner, More Sanitary would be their hallmark, and they came and went — not a few ripping off their employees, creditors, and the community in their swift denouement.

And Ross developed a reputation as a difficult man — he learned who all the turkeys were, all the deadbeats, all the charlatans. In confrontation he hit first and let someone else pick up the pieces. He was nobody's toady and he never abandoned his friends nor forgot that the first freedom fighters were the drags and the Emperor/Empress sissies. He came up out of the Tenderloin, North Beach and South of Market — he would never forget it, nor would he ever be let to forget it.

(Continued on next page)

## LETTERS

### A CO-GENITAL DILEMMA

\* You know, if you truly do believe that you serve the entire Gay community, and you are going to print pictures of the male genitalia in all its glory, you really ought to print pictures of vaginas and breasts as well, perhaps on the facing page. And of course, there should be a female "Karr," reporting on the local lesbian porno scene, if such a scene exists. I imagine that if you did, a good many of your male readers would decide that maybe it's not such a good idea to include "pornography" in the B.A.R. after all. Some of them might even understand how many lesbians feel, constantly being bombarded by erotic male images — sort of like how I feel when I see nearly-naked women all over the place in the straight media. On the other hand, maybe those who are uptight would get over it. The New Porn Corner would reach new levels of popularity, and we all would be enlightened a little bit. At any rate, whatever the outcome, it's a good idea, a serious suggestion, and for you, a definite obligation — if you're going to print pictures of the cocks in the first place.

I really don't know how I feel about all this. Part of me says that it's possibly tasteless and certainly unnecessary, considering the profusion of porn around here, to print the fucking things. After all, I think a picture of Jan Michael Vincent, naked, in the Chronicle might be a little disconcerting and probably out-of-place in a "serious" news publication. But then, another part of me cries out for free speech and freedom of the press and all that, and demands that we liberate ourselves from the restrictive limitations of a sexually perverse society. And that part of me can't wait to see Jan Michael Vincent bare-assed in a Macy's ad.

This certainly is a dilemma.

Mike Hippler  
San Francisco

### ON STRIKES AND FILMS

\* Two recent events have clarified a confusing issue for me. This unlikely combination of events is the opening of *Personal Best* at the Alexandria and the announcement of Sal Rosselli's candidacy for College Board.

What was confusing to me was why, after six months or so of strike, Local 9 suddenly spearheaded this grand campaign to boycott the movie *Making Love*. Both sides of the issue were presented on these pages quite eloquently, and they seemed to break down to:

1. *Making Love* is a milestone for the Gay community, and it should be supported.

2. The Gay community should support organized labor.

Both seem valid and tenable points; yet dialogue and compromise seemed minimal, and the appearance of Mr. Rosselli's name seemed maximal. Now Sal announces his candidacy, and the clouds begin to clear.

It seemed to me rather dubious to conclude that Sal had used Local 9 as a vehicle to get his name known in the Gay community. Such a charge would be premature.

Investigating further, it seems Mr. Rosselli ran for College Board last time 'round, but not as a Gay-identified candidate. He lost, just behind Tim Wolford and Tim's deserved support from the Gay community. Hmmmm. Interesting.

*Personal Best* is playing at a struck theatre, the Alexandria, and the only pickets are two rather fatigued looking gents who generally ignore the long line of folks, many Lesbians, buying tickets. Why are there no buses to non-struck theatres for these theatre-goers? Why was there no mass picket? What's

the difference between a movie about Lesbians at a struck theatre and a movie about Gay men at a struck theatre?

There is an obvious answer, or a least a logical speculation. The Gay men's community has been used to political advantage at its own expense, and somehow women don't quite rate like men. Since the Lesbian community is likely to support Carole Migden for College Board, perhaps Mr. Rosselli hasn't the need to be well known among Lesbians, so there is no political advantage to pressing the Local 9 strike. That kind of political opportunism is inexcusable.

Bruce Janis  
San Francisco

### FEATHERED FRIEND

1. Don't count your chickens before they undress.
2. Which came first, the chicken or the hawk?

★ ★ ★ ★

As you can see, I have my jokes all ready. Let me know when it is the Year of the Chicken.

Strange de Jim  
San Francisco

### DON'T BLUSH FOR RED PARTY

\* What with too many decisions being made by too few, too few subcommittees formed from too many required, and too many dollars required from too cautious a community, Rick Blessinger is right to be concerned about the course planning for this year's Parade has taken. However, his letter of last week hits rather wide of the mark.

For starters, Blessinger was, at most, acting safety co-chair, there having as yet been no female counterpart either elected or appointed, and certainly no general membership confirmation of any Safety Co-chairs. Secondly, a reader might infer that Blessinger was present when the Red Party Benefit was rejected, but the record will show he was absent. Had he been there, the 11-11 tie vote prompting the roll call vote killing the proposal might have been avoided and the benefit again approved as it had been in Steering Committee.

Assuming such approval would not have resulted in picketing of the benefit by the disabled community (a sanguine assumption perhaps), it is regrettable Blessinger was not there looking after the Committee's broader interests in the same manner the disabled were looking after their own — to the short-term detriment of Parade financing. Regrettable too that the disabled were not around earlier to take advantage of the Steering Committee's as yet unmet parity requirements; their presence might have earlier been able to correct the oversight of both Steering Committee and Sisters. It appears the Red Party will occur without benefit to either the Parade or the disabled unless the latter have some not-yet-visible clout with its present sponsors.

But it's not too late for a big bash to benefit the Parade. At the same meeting the Committee approved the concept of a benefit the Friday night of May 21st to inaugurate Lesbian/Gay History Month and kick off events leading up to the Parade on the last Sunday in June. How about something in Civic Auditorium at a low admission with much entertainment followed by disco 'til dawn, historical/hysterical costumes encouraged, and accessible of course? The Auditorium is still free that night; if 3500 of us could be attracted by such an event at \$5 per entrance, \$10,000 could be raised toward Parade expenses.

Come on back, Rick! And let's get those subcommittees going.

Reid Condit  
'81 L/GFDC Secretary  
San Francisco

# B.A.R.

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# LETTERS

## GAY AND CHRISTIAN

★ In defense of the desperate (Love In Action - Ex-Gays):

I came out of the closet in Tulsa, Okla., after two years in a famous street ministry. However, I continued to strongly consider myself a Christian and started bartending in one of that city's better clubs. Eventually I was selling enough grass that I and a friend immigrated to San Francisco. That was four years ago. I left a leader in that town, at 19 years.

When I hit the City I had a conflict with my hometown host, and like many before me found myself on the street. But dignity intact I went to all the parties and with a bit of ingenuity survived well for 1½ years as a thrill-seeking tourist doing my thing at Studio West when it was gay and Tocado, being employed by both.

But I grew tired of my drug days and decided to be a climber and get a Castle and a Companion. From where I was it was a long struggle, but I got a job at Le Salon and received fair pay and met the most lovable man of my life, Victor Schmid. Everything I ever wanted: what Vic lacked in mobility, he made up for in charm and inner-innocence. We had a lovely empire of material gain, romance, Guerneville excursions, and career promises.

I had been to MCC and didn't feel they could relate to the authenticity of my Charismatic or Pentecostal Christianity, so I decided to do something about it. Through your paper, via a press release, I formed Charismatic Fags West.

With that I found such determined men and organizations as David Hummel and Holy Trinity, a church that was closer but lacked the presence of the Holy Spirit.

So in my fourth year in the City, I pretty well had everything I wanted; but once on top I found I missed my best friend and my life was meaningless. Also I decided that if I really loved Vic I would return to the Lord and pray for his peace.

My future plans are to be here in your midst because I understand how you guys feel. No matter what your experiences have been with the church, Jesus has your best interests at heart.

Monte Hill  
San Francisco

## LIKING PORN

★ I just wanted to take the time to say thank you for an excellent publication serving the gay community. I've been reading the B.A.R. faithfully for almost 3 years and, like a real hot man, it just keeps getting better. I enjoy the regular columnists, and your articles on current events/happenings are always on target. I especially like your Porn Corner; believe me, I've seen almost every film reviewed, and look forward with greased palms for the next review. I would appreciate it if your porn man would check out the new Adonis/Circle J video maison. I haven't been there yet, but am hoping that Hal Call is doing as well as at his old location. Maybe you can convince him to BRING BACK THE LIVE SHOWS!!!! It was those nekkid, "active" young men that really made 9p.m. such a special hour!

Thanks again for a really great, informative publication. Just wanted you to know how much I enjoy each edition.

Frank Salzler  
San Francisco

## RHINO'S ON FIRM GROUND

★ I would like to thank GAYCARE and the B.A.R. for the report regarding fundraising for non-profits in the Gay community. I hope that the organizations and the community will learn from the report and will act in a more responsible and reasonable way in regard to raising funds.

I would like to offer Theatre Rhinoceros as an example of sound financial planning and realistic fundraising goals. The theatre's Board of Directors raises funds in order to keep ticket prices affordable. In 1981, 70% of our \$100,000 budget came from our box office, 10% from public funds (grants from the California Arts Council, National Endowment for the Arts, and the San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund), 5% from rentals, and 15% from donations from individuals, corporations, and foundations (David B. Goodstein Foundation) in the Gay community. Because of this mix of income sources, we have been successful in keeping our ticket prices affordable, and we have not overtaxed any segment of the giving community. In addition to raising \$15,000 from the Gay community this year, the Board of Directors has more than doubled our base of support for contributions. More individuals and businesses have contributed to Theatre Rhinoceros' success in 1981 than at any time in our past five years.

Theatre Rhinoceros' success in fundraising can be attributed to our responsible and dedicated Board of Directors. The Board is comprised of 19 men and women from the community who direct the theatre's fundraising activities and secure the financial stability of the theatre.

Allan Estes  
Artistic Director  
San Francisco

## GAY OLYMPICS ARE DIFFERENT

★ I suggest to Naphtali Offen to do some homework about the Gay Olympics (such as reading in papers, attending fund raisers and organizational meetings) before he offers his interpretation to the press. Naphtali, I think your comment regarding the film was justifiable. The idea of showing the film as a benefit for the Gay Olympics may have been in poor judgement. However, I think your point would have been fine if you ended after your first paragraph, i.e. before you went off on your biased interpretations.

I, personally, felt irritated at "your interpretations" of statements by Tom Waddell. As someone who has observed some of the organizational meetings last August through October, in-training since October and attended four of the fund raisers (three at Albion Hall) I think I can say your interpretations were not accurate or maybe I should say they don't jive with the Tom Waddell I know. The track team members were encouraged to view the film to see some of the greatest performances ever recorded. Leni Riefenstahl used some remarkable and progressive photography/filming techniques for that time. I would also like to say many people admire seeing healthy male and female bodies in athletic competition. (I admire seeing male and female bodies.) One does not have to tag it with sexual exploitation either. The film was not shown (and is far from being) a porno flick, nor does it necessarily promote hero worship. I credit people with having the ability to view the film as both a piece of history (remembering the terrible atrocities) and also as able to admire the athletic abilities of individual athletes. As Tom mentioned, much of the sensitive parts were edited.

I would like to commend the Board of Directors of the Gay Olympics for their decision to cancel the showing of the film and thereby going along with the positive philosophy of the Gay Olympics. To repeat Tom Waddell's quote: "Perhaps this affair is a positive process. What has happened here is that there has now been an inter-reaction, an awareness, and a new consciousness among several previously disparate institutions in our community. Perhaps now we will meet and seek some common goals and expand together."

As a person involved in the Gay Olympics, my experience, i.e. running with a group and being encouraged by Tom, has been positive. I've witnessed Tom emphasize (1) "participation" of all Gay women and men, (2) self-excellence, and (3) train at your own rate or pace . . . taking it gradually, enjoying the exercise . . . encouraging us to stop if we begin to hurt, to be aware of your body and know when to push and when to slow down. Gay women and men from across the country, around the world will be coming together to compete, to share with each other, etc. . . This can be a wonderful learning experience for all. No, Naphtali, this is not another attempt to prove to the straight world that we are just like them. Yes, by the positive emphasis as stated above, incorporating our uniqueness (such as medley teams of men and women together) the week of the Gay Olympics and Cultural Activities will have something to teach the world perhaps.

Gary M. Stark  
San Francisco

## ARS GRATIA ARTIS

★ What I say sometimes surprises me. Yet the saying is an immediate and shared sense of thinking. It is a connection between feeling and acting. And so I am grateful to John Karr and the B.A.R. for their part in extending my sense that art is a come-on. Journalism and performing both must touch provocation. The issue as I see it is the integrity and quality of the provocation. And so too with the come-on. The stage is a sacred place and come-ons should be sanctifying too. To come on is a courageous event in all our lives. It should be meaningful too. Art requires an individual commitment and responsibility to the exploration of self, and the good will that allows an extension of that personal exploration in a social sense. Beyond inhibition and the restrictions imposed by exploitive motives the come-ons of theatre, sex, and living are given a real chance to be meaningful and satisfying. How we see come-ons is how we see everything! Shakespeare said it very well, "All the world's a stage." Come on!

Bob Murphy  
San Francisco

## WHO'S CLONING NOW?

★ I can only stand up and cheer Bruce Russell for his letter in B.A.R. (Mar. 25). Dianne Feinstein has not only failed the gay community who elected her to power but has thwarted all progressive groups at every turn. Our community's continued courting of her is not only ludicrous, it is simply bad politics. We deserve more than the smiles that the Alice B. Toklas Club seems willing to accept. Although we will not have a chance to vote for mayor this year, we do now have the opportunity to send Feinstein a message by refusing to accept her clone, Louise Renne, in the Congressional primary this June. I would hope that the gay community gives its unified support to Barbara Boxer if only to show Feinstein that we will no longer give away our power.

Ray O'Loughlin  
San Francisco



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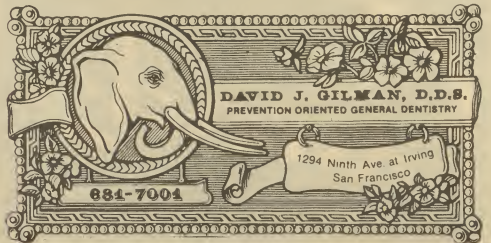


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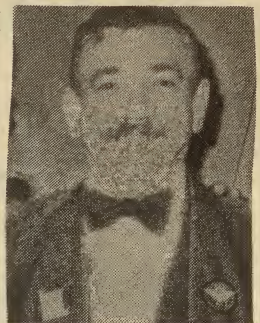


# VIEWPOINT

On every score he should have been Harvey Milk's successor but he was dealt out by his own kind (no, not his own kind) but the tonier "Gays" who clustered around Milk after his victory at last and the anti-Briggs crusade. The mayor wouldn't have him, for he was a bull in bull's clothing and she needed a damp mop. And he was more difficult than ever.

In twenty years he has never misappropriated a penny while at the same time has personally raised — tens and hundreds of thousands year in and year out. All for Gay causes — not the Madison Avenue way but by the nickel/dime route. For every nickel he has taken out of the Gay community, he has put two back in. Where his mouth was, his checkbook was. He has never been a silent partner in the movement and he has rubbed more noses on the sandpaper of life than I would dare to count.

As an editor and a journalist, I have perhaps experienced unheard of freedom in the industry. Since 1976 I have written hundreds of editorials and thousands more articles, rewrites, comments. I have never been told what to write; I have never been told what not to write. Much the same has been the case of those who have written for the paper for twelve years. We have allowed people to say things and have repeatedly gone to and will continue to go to the wall defending their right to say it.



1981 has been the most successful year in the Bay Area Reporter's brief (or long) history. The paper flourishes.

And why all this blather on this 12th birthday?

The Harvey Milk biography has been around the house now for several weeks, and roommates and friends have found it engrossing. Every time I pick it up I find it painful, for I am swept with the loss, the anguish, the travail, the scar tissue. The glamorization is bile to my tongue. If Bob Ross is the opinionated bull, Harvey Milk was the dancing cobra — both flawed, but of such men of deeds, drives, and goals are movements made.

Harvey Milk never lived to see his project completed. Bob Ross has. His "pet" stands today as a survivor, a mighty voice, exuberant with vital signs.

And if for no other reason some things need saying before one is snatched from us. Obituaries are hollow testaments. And it isn't every issue I get the chance to be eloquent. And too . . . he will roar when he reads this.

P. Lorch





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## Happy Anniversary, B.A.R.!

# MAYOR'S VICTIM SURVEY

by Allen White

The most intensive survey of crime victims ever attempted in San Francisco focusing on victims who did not report to police is now in effect. A questionnaire has been printed in this issue of the *Bay Area Reporter* which seeks to learn the extent to which crimes are motivated by race, sex, sexual orientation, religion or other reasons asking victims of a violent crime why they were attacked.

The questionnaire is part of a study currently being under-

taken by a group called the "Mayor's Victim Survey Task Force." The survey has been created under the direction of Mayor Dianne Feinstein. Mayor Feinstein has urged all San Franciscans who have suffered crimes to come forth and make this survey work. The Mayor has noted that studies indicate 60 percent of all victims of violent crimes in the City do not report them. Thus little is known about the majority of violent crimes.

CUAV Project Director, Bob Smith, told the *Bay Area*

received from governmental or community services.

Officer Siedler gave several primary reasons the majority of people don't report crimes of violence. One reason is they don't trust the police nor do they have any faith in the justice system. Others think "what's the use" to report a crime. Others don't report a crime because they feel there is no chance the attacker will be caught. Still others don't feel they have enough information. Another reason is that people feel reporting the crime

**IF YOU WERE THE VICTIM OF A VIOLENT PERSONAL ATTACK IN 1981 IN SAN FRANCISCO, AND YOU LIVED IN THE CITY WHEN IT HAPPENED, PLEASE ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS:**

1. PLEASE DESCRIBE THE NATURE OF THE ATTACK (include approximate date, time and area of the City where it occurred)
2. DID YOU SUFFER ANY LOSSES OR INJURIES? Please describe:
3. IN YOUR OPINION, WHAT WAS THE REASON FOR THE ATTACK?
4. DID YOU REPORT IT TO THE POLICE? yes \_\_\_\_\_ no \_\_\_\_\_ IF NO, WHY NOT?
5. WHAT, IF ANY, ASSISTANCE DID YOU NEED FROM GOVERNMENTAL OR COMMUNITY AGENCIES THAT WAS NOT MADE AVAILABLE TO YOU?

What is your age? \_\_\_\_\_ Race? \_\_\_\_\_ Sex? \_\_\_\_\_

In what publication did you obtain this form?

Please clip out and mail in a stamped envelope to:

MAYOR'S VICTIM SURVEY, Room 159, CITY HALL, S.F., CA 94102

OR

Drop this off at any one of the five Public Health Centers, located at 3850-17th Street; 1301 Pierce St.; 1525 Silver Ave.; 1490 Mason St.; or 1351-24th Ave.; M-F, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Reporter that it is crucial that the Gay community of San Francisco respond. Paul Seidler, the Police liaison to the Gay community emphasized that this particular survey can make the difference in curbing violent crime in San Francisco. Cindy Winslow of the Mayor's Office for Criminal Justice stated the need is great to receive the cooperation of victims of violent crime.

Mayor Feinstein commented, "We want not only to reduce violence, but to improve the ways we can help those who are attacked. To do that, we must hear from more of the hidden victims—those who suffer violence in silence." The Mayor continued, "As Mayor, I call upon all who are concerned about crime to cooperate. It will benefit everyone in our city."

In addition to questions about the victims, the questionnaire requests information stating the nature, date, time and area of the City in which attacks occurred, and injuries suffered. The questionnaire also asks what kind of help victims

will reveal something about themselves or that the place of the positioning of the crime would have more adverse effect on the victim than the crime itself. In addition to the reasons cited by Officer Siedler it is known that many Gay men and Lesbians have no success when trying to communicate with members of the Police Department. All of these victims of crime are urged to fill out the questionnaire.

Mayor Feinstein stated, "These hidden victims are a key to understanding crime — and understanding the City in which we live. Unless we know more — including why so many victims don't report crimes, we cannot help a large group of people."

The survey is viewed as essential in identifying types of crimes, persons or groups most victimized, neighborhoods where crime and fear of crime are greatest, and possible improvements in services available to victims.

The Mayor's Victim Survey Task Force has 14 members.

(Continued on next page.)



## Elaine Noble Faces More Investigation

Elaine Noble, who earned national recognition in 1974 as the first open Lesbian elected to a state legislature, has been accused of illegal activities in connection with her current job as assistant director of intergovernmental relations for Boston Mayor Kevin White.

According to Boston's *Gay Community News*, Anthony D'Alesandro, a real estate investor with a history of involvement in illegal land dealings, accused Noble of illegally soliciting a contribution to Mayor White's re-election campaign, of offering to influence the lease of a Gay bar, and of offering to speak to White and the mayor's chief campaign fundraiser about a city redevelopment contract D'Alesandro was interested in.

Noble branded D'Alesandro's charges as lies in a *Boston Globe* article, and declined to talk about the matter to the *Bay Area Reporter*. "I've been told by my superiors not to comment on the matter," said Noble.

D'Alesandro's charges came after a Boston redevelopment official, John Williams, was found guilty of extortion. D'Alesandro had claimed that Williams requested a payoff from him in relation to the redevelopment project late last year. Williams pleaded guilty and was found guilty on March 4.

D'Alesandro said he told Noble, the FBI, and the *Boston Globe* about Williams' extortion attempt. He claimed later that when he first told Noble about it she said, "Why do business with princes, when you can deal with kings?"

When asked in the *Boston Globe* article if she really did make the statement, Noble said, "We were both talking in a very Gay, campy talk, and I might have said something outrageous like that, some-



Elaine Noble

thing absurd, in that context. It was certainly not anything like what he (D'Alesandro) is trying to imply now." (D'Alesandro, too, is Gay.)

"I really feel sorry for him," Noble told the *Globe*. "The man is unraveling, coming undone."

During the original Williams investigation Noble emerged as a key witness and was questioned for three hours about her dealings with D'Alesandro.

D'Alesandro said that after Noble first suggested wrongdoing on November 3, he asked for and obtained authorization from the FBI to tape subsequent conversations using a hidden recorder. Federal officials have said those tapes will remain confidential unless they become evidence in a trial.

D'Alesandro came to Boston in 1978 as a participant in the Federal Witness Protection Program after testifying as a government witness in an Arizona land fraud scandal. At that time he lived in Phoenix and was known as Edward Dennis Kelley.

The Witness Protection Program affords protection to certain government witnesses by giving them a new identity and helping them to relocate.

## Mayor's Victim Survey

(Continued from Page 8)

Members known to the Gay community include CUAV Project Director, Bob Smith, Bill Paul, Ann Daley, Paul Siedler and Paul Libert of the San Francisco Police Department. Additionally there are representatives from many organizations ranging from La Casa De Madres to San Francisco State.

CUAV's Bob Smith said that this is not a police report. A person is not required to give their name. What it is, is a study. The questionnaire will be distributed throughout many neighborhoods of the city. In fact, the survey has been translated into five languages, and the Mayor has requested every newspaper in San Francisco to print the questionnaire in the language of their readers.

Questionnaires are also being sent out to about 1400 randomly-selected victims who reported robberies, sexual assaults and other attacks to police between July and December of last year.

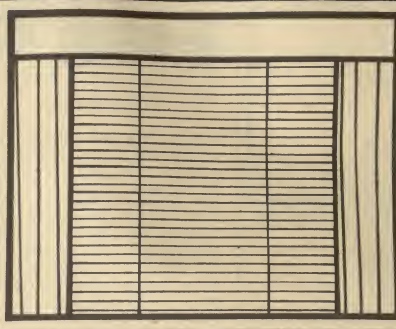
Cindy Winslow of the Mayor's Criminal Justice Council said that the report will be extremely important as it relates to violent crime against Lesbians and Gay men. For methodological reasons (a fancy way of saying they need all the facts they are able to ob-

tain) the survey is citywide. Another area where violent crime is high and not reported is in the Asian community. Winslow stated that in addition to the unreported crimes, the statistical information from crimes as they appear on a police report is not sufficient to provide working data to understand the serious unanswered questions regarding violent crime.

The completed form should be mailed to the Mayor's Victim Survey, Room 159, City Hall, San Francisco, CA 94102. It can also be dropped off at any one of the five Public Health Centers. Locations include 3850 17th Street, 1301 Pierce Street, 1525 Silver Ave., 1490 Mason or 1351 24th Ave. The Public Health Centers are open Monday through Friday from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

This survey is one of the most important and comprehensive efforts ever conducted to combat violent crime in San Francisco. It has been given the highest priority by the Mayor of this City. That high level of priority has also been placed on this survey by virtually all persons in the Gay community who are active in attempting to reduce violent crime.

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## Olympic Feature

# Flag Corps Grows

by Ron Kraus

They may not be the familiar Red, White and Blue symbols of All-America, but the flag-waving at the upcoming Gay Olympics celebration will certainly carry as much pride. Judging by current practices, the Flag Corps intends to put on a razzle-dazzle exhibition not soon to be forgotten.

Since their initial wavering practice back in December, the Corps has dramatically improved in both marching technique and choreography. The size of the unit varies currently from 75 to 100 members, and new members are encouraged. However, since their first official public exhibition will be in the 1982 Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade, a cutoff date for new members has been set for Sunday, June 13.

Chula Camp, Director of the Flag Corps, encourages new marchers and, being a woman, is especially looking for more women to join. She stresses that the Corps is more than just a marching unit, but is a social and a supportive group as well.

Practices are held every Sunday from 2-5pm at McAteer High School. Those needing rides (and those able to provide them) can meet at Safeway at Church and Market at 1:30pm. One or more Flag Corps monitors will be there to answer any questions and coordinate transportation. If you prefer, you may call Chula Camp at 826-4128 for additional information.

Monetary donations can be brought in person or mailed to the Gay Olympic Head-



Olympics '82 Flag Corps — hold a bake sale at Church Street's Pilsner Inn. (Photo by Rink)

quarters at 597 Castro Street (at 19th), San Francisco, CA 94114. These are, of course, tax deductible donations, and we thank the Gay community and non-Gay supporters for their tremendous interest in the Gay Olympics. If you would like to specify the money be donated to the Flag Corps, please write "Attn: Chula Camp, Flag Corps Director" on the envelope.

Other events planned are a Potluck/Picnic in late April and a 50's Sock Hop and Dance in mid-May. The latter is sponsored by Artemis at Valencia/23rd. The proceeds will be divided between the Gay Olympic Women's Bowling Team and the Flag Corps. Again, we thank Sara Lewin-

stein, owner of the Artemis, for her ideas and support.

The group has just received their first allotment of flags and poles done in the 1982 official Gay Olympic colors of blue, pale gray and black. They measure 3' x 5' and have the Gay Olympic logo in the center. This should be a moving sight at the opening ceremonies of the Olympics at Kezar Stadium on Sunday, August 28, as well as the Parade on June 27.

So even if you've had no marching or flag experience at all, this is the perfect opportunity to join a great group of people. See how fun Sunday afternoons can be once you've joined!

## Inside The 'Chronicle'

# Gay Reporter Makes The Big Time

by George Mendenhall

"I am Clark Kent and Lois Lane wrapped into one," muses the *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter Randy Shilts. Considering the whirlwind of activity that has surrounded him in his last five years in San Francisco, one could add "with a touch of Superman."

While the local Gay community is beginning to recognize Shilts as "the guy who wrote that book about Harvey Milk" the nation is beginning to pay some attention to Shilts, as a talented journalist/writer. Recent major articles in the *Columbia Journalism Review* and the *Los Angeles Times* plus critical praise for *The Mayor of Castro Street* are establishing Shilts as an important person in the Gay liberation movement. One thing does bother Shilts: He is a journalist whose responsibility is to objectively report. He explains, "I am not a propagandist" but he also believes, "my existence is a political stand."

*S.F. Chronicle* City Editor Jerry Burns hired Shilts in August, having met him a few years earlier at a Democratic convention. Shilts, 30, thus became the first openly Gay person ever hired by a major U.S. newspaper as a permanent employee. Has it worked out? Burns now says, "he is a very valuable member



*S.F. Chronicle's* Gay reporter Randy Shilts

of our staff. Not just his Gayness but he is a well rounded, professional journalist. A top-notch person. That makes my job easier. I wish I had fifty Randy Shilts on the staff."

Nestled away in the Castro with his ex-TV weatherman lover, Shilts recently recalled his five struggling years in The City. Following graduation

(Continued on next page)



# 'S.F. Chronicle' Tops 'Examiner' in Gay Coverage

Bay Area Reporter had more news about Gay people in the February/March time period than any newspaper in the country. The weekly was complemented by the San Francisco Chronicle, which reported more Gay news for a daily than any other newspaper. In San Francisco, the competing daily Examiner had a startlingly poor record in a B.A.R. column-by-column inch analysis.

by George Mendenhall

(Continued from Page 10)

## Gay Reporter Makes The Big Time

from the University of Oregon, he moved to San Francisco, living on a meager income. He fought to live off his journalistic skills by writing freelance for *The Advocate*, *Christopher Street*, the *Washington Post*, and the *Village Voice*. He was heard on National Public Radio and seen on Channels 2 and 9 as a newscaster. Later he was to receive a \$5,000 advance for a book on the life of Harvey Milk. He withdrew from multiple tasks and wrote the biography. Even the book was a journalistic feat as Shilts admits, "Every chapter has a lead. It's Randy Shilts' Great Hits."

### LIFE AT THE 'CHRONICLE'

"Everyone has been great at the *Chronicle*. Really nice. Very positive and supportive," Shilts reveals. He says one reason is "I am willing to follow any story — armed robberies, obituaries, fires." He is not a prima donna. (Only one out of four stories is Gay-oriented.) He is particularly excited about two recent series he has done that gave him front page by-lines, the formaldehyde spills at Russian River and the government's attempt to deport Afghan refugees in Marin County.

Shilts doesn't believe he has to cover every Gay story — and he doesn't. He recognizes that Larry Leibert, Political Editor, "does a much better job" covering Gay politics and Shilts does not hesitate to feed "leads" to the medical staff "who can certainly do a better story on Gay cancer than I can." However, Shilts' proudest achievement thus far at the *Chronicle* has been a 4-hour published interview that he had in December with a homophobe who murdered four Gay men.

While Shilts receives stories from Assignment Editor Richard Hemp, most of his copy is self-generated. He follows various leads — frequently from Gay people who call him and from a variety of other sources. He works a 9-5 shift, with one day doing a 2-10 shift. Sometimes the hours vary if he is on a special assignment. When he gets a story (such as Afghan refugees) it becomes "his" story in the future. Shilts does only 3-5 stories a week, at least one of these is probably major and requires considerable research. One of his recent formaldehyde stories was featured on the first page and continued for 26 column inches on the back page.

Shilts believes "it is important for the 'Gay' reporter to do an Afghan story. It shows that while I am upfront about being Gay I am fully capable of doing stories in other areas." That does not mean that he neglects the "Gay" beat. One week he may do one Gay story (with others being contributed by other writers) and another week three "Gay" stories. More important is his presence as a Gay person.

Why are there more *Chronicle* stories about Gay

people and why are those stories more positive in their reporting than in the *Examiner*? Shilts says, "The *Chronicle* people are just not uptight about Gay things. They had a Gay reporter here before me that was respected and he helped pave the way. I am often given Gay-related stories to check over. One recent story from a wire service implied that 'Gay Lib' encouraged male prostitution. The *Examiner* ran the story as it was written, but I changed the lead-in to make the story more objective. When an anti-Gay measure was defeated in Austin, Texas, we hired two writers there to do a major story for us on it. We later used those two writers to explain how the Gay population influenced the election of Houston's mayor. Sometimes I do a major Gay story myself — as the Gays at Russian River piece that I spent a week on."

Shilts is part of the "minority" group at the *Chronicle*. Before he was hired, women and ethnic reporters explained to the *Chronicle* editor that they would welcome Shilts although he is a white male. Being "Gay" made him a minority person, too, they explained.

The *Chronicle* neophyte, journalist is delighted that he is a full-time reporter on a major newspaper. He sees this as a permanent, lifetime job. Shilts says "the *Chronicle* does a better job of covering the Gay community than any daily newspaper. Gay people who think otherwise are crazy. In the *Chronicle*, we are the best covered minority in San Francisco." He adds, "The sensibility was there before I arrived. If it had not been, I would not have been hired."

Several major metropolitan newspapers have liberal "sexual orientation" employment clauses, but the "macho" and anti-Gay atmosphere is so great on those newspapers that only one other Gay journalist — Joe Nicholson, the *New York Post* — has surfaced. Nicholson remained closeted for ten years, suddenly "coming out" when he was emotionally shattered by a mass murderer of Gay people. The *New York Times* has a "sexual orientation" clause but refuses to use the word "Gay" in its news columns the same as "homosexual." When Rev. Jerry Falwell recently spoke in Washington, D.C., the local *Washington Post* reported his anti-Gay comments but response was run that answered from a Gay perspective. *Post* Gay reporters remain closeted.

The *Post's* Nicholson recently told the *Columbia Journalism Review*, "I am still here but as far as I know I am the only openly Gay person among several hundred reporters and editors at New York's three dailies. The truth is that Gay news coverage will not improve until others come out."

George Mendenhall

The Monday-Saturday editions of both newspapers were compared for news items directly related to homosexuality, in a February 1 - March 25 time period. The *Chronicle's* 216 column inches contrasted the *Examiner's* 137 inches.

Sunday editions, jointly published by the *Chronicle/Examiner*, produced even more startling results: No Gay-related news stories but 17 pages of *Chronicle* feature articles about Gay-related subjects. It must be noted that the Sunday news section is an *Examiner* operation while the Sunday feature section is a *Chronicle* operation.

The 17 Sunday (*Chronicle*) features included articles about a Boulder City Gay minister who came out, the film *Personal Best*, two major articles (one a cover story) on *Making Love*, a cover story and full-page review of the Shilts book on Harvey Milk, a discussion of Gay Sex Roles, and an interview with Lesbian writer Rita Mae Brown.

Both newspapers carried 5 Gay-related news stories in their Mon.-Sat. editions during the Feb. 1 - Mar. 25 period that were similar in content. However, the *Chronicle* had eight additional stories that the reader would consider "objective" or presenting the Gay lifestyle in a positive manner. The *Examiner* had five such stories.

The difference in column inch coverage is understandable in that the *Chronicle* gave considerably more column inches to individual stories. Shilts did a large analysis of how the film *Making Love* is being marketed (in the Business section). The

*Chronicle* story on "Gay Ex-Cop Charges Brutality" (which first appeared in the *Bay Area Reporter*) was not covered in the *Examiner* (although a response from the police was covered). New Right Leader Speaks Out for Gay Rights was a *Chronicle* exclusive. "Florida Court Kills Anti-Gay Measure" was also a major *Chronicle* story, not covered in the *Examiner*. The only major article about Gay people covered in the *Examiner* news section that was not in the *Chronicle* was an internal controversy in the Gay community over the George Segal Gay sculpture. That *Examiner* story had been covered a month earlier extensively in *Bay Area Reporter* and then in the *Chronicle*.

This survey did not include columnists. The *Examiner's* W.E. Barnes did extensive coverage of Gay politics in his columns with some coverage by columnist Bill Mandel. The *Chronicle's* Political Editor, Larry Leibert, also commented on Gay politics in his column.

Feature articles in the Sunday section of the *Chronicle* not only covered Gay news extensively but had articles about people who are of special interest to a sizable segment of the Gay community: Gore Vidal, Andy Warhol, Bobby Short, Lily Tomlin, Walt Whitman (books), and Gertrude Stein (travel).

Jerry Burns, *Chronicle* City Editor, tried to explain to *Bay Area Reporter* why the *Chronicle* is so superior in Gay news coverage: "We try to write about people and events that are interesting. The worse thing any writer can do is bore the reader. The *Examiner* has a narrow, traditional view of what is news. In many ways it is an old-fashioned kind of newspaper. The *Chronicle*, over the past two

decades, has been successful because it has acknowledged that there are new definitions of news. There are new groups in our community that have different interests, outside the traditional journalism school idea of what is news. I hope we show our awareness of this in every department of the *Chronicle*."

Stephen Cook, *Examiner* City Editor, explained that his newspaper once had a "minorities" reporter but that she left and has not been replaced. He said, "A number of our articles about the Gay community are written by our science writer and others have been doing other feature stories. Political stories and coverage is something that Bill Barnes watches closely. . . . We really don't plan any expansion of the Gay-related stories. We treat such stories as important. We are always looking for stories like that. We would like to have more of them. I think our coverage of such stories has been quite good."

When told of the B.A.R. survey and how poorly the *Examiner* had surfaced, Cook replied, "I would suspect that Randy (Shilts) would bring into the *Chronicle* more stories than we are getting right now. That is good for the *Chronicle*. . . . We are always looking for ways to improve our coverage. We would like to improve our coverage. We would like to hear when people think that we are screwing up in our coverage. We want feedback."

When asked if the *Examiner* was considering the hiring of an upfront Gay reporter, Cook replied, "I wouldn't want to say that there is any talk of hiring a Gay reporter."

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# Atlas S & L Astounding Experts

by Wayne April

If anyone had any doubts whether the first Gay savings and loan bank would make it, they need doubt no longer. Nineteen weeks after opening its doors, Atlas Savings and Loan has doubled its assets from \$3.2 million to \$6.3 million, tripled its savings dollars from barely over \$1 million to \$3.8 million, and has seriously started looking into opening branches in other parts of the city, as well as Southern California.

"Overwhelming" is how Atlas President Gerry Flanagan describes it.

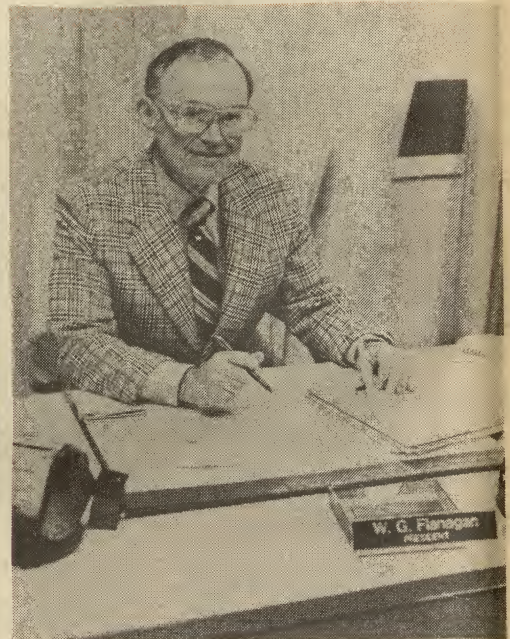
In a variation on the story of the little train that could, tiny Atlas Savings and Loan opened its doors in a renovated mortuary on the corner of Duboce and Market in November 1980. This was during the time when all the headlines predicted the collapse of the savings and loan industry (as they still are) because of inflation and soaring interest rates.

People were taking their money out of S&L's because there were other places, like money market funds, where they could earn higher interest. This, coupled with the fact that many S&L's held old mortgages at bygone interest rates, when current interest rates were climbing daily, contributed to the shaky picture of whether S&L's were not becoming a thing of the past.

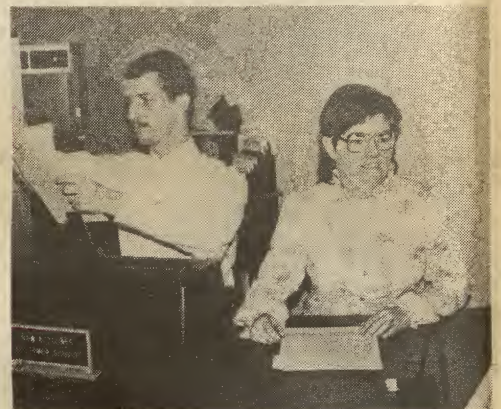
A small group of Gay businesspeople in San Francisco thought differently, however. Led by John Schmidt, of Schmidt and Schmidt Insurance, Atlas became a reality when the state granted a charter on May 24, 1979. More than a year later, after selling \$2 million worth of stock and hiring a staff of five, Atlas opened its doors and waited.



Atlas personnel Steve Wallace (l) and Tim O'Bailey (r). The pair are Customer Service Representatives. (Photo by Rink)



Atlas S & L's President, Jerry Flanagan. (Photo by Rink)



Steve Tripp, Supervisor of the Vault and Teller Operations, and Patty Hoaglund, Supervisor of New Accounts and Customer Service. (Photo by Rink)



Grand Opening Party at Atlas' new headquarters. (Photo by Rink)

Flanagan says he never doubted the venture would succeed. When word first got to him that there was a Gay group with an S&L charter looking for employees, he was intrigued. And after being taken on a tour of the main Gay business areas of the city, Flanagan became convinced that if there was ever a market waiting to be tapped, this was it.

Strangely enough, Flanagan is not Gay. In fact, he and his wife are the only heterosexual members of the current 11-person staff, and he is the only heterosexual on the board of directors.

Flanagan's expertise is in founding minority banks. He founded the first Hispanic S&L in 1968 in San Fernando. He followed that up with another S&L and two commercial banks — all in Southern California. Today there are 30 Hispanic banks across the United States.

"I guess you could say my forte is minority financial institutions," he said.

Flanagan was excited after his tour of San Francisco, because he saw how visible and financially successful the Gay community was. After founding minority banks and S&L's

for the "have nots" of society, here was an opportunity for founding one for a minority that, though discriminated against, had plenty of money.

With Atlas soundly on its feet, Flanagan's chief concern now is finding enough people to lend money to. Although \$2 million in loans have been made so far, Flanagan's target is \$1 million a month, a target he admits he has yet to achieve due to the slump in the home-building industry.

In the meantime, Atlas is busy gearing up for a number of other services it will be offering its customers, including an

automatic street teller and commercial checking accounts.

The automated teller, or Atlas Action Machine, as it has been dubbed, should be on line sometime in April. This will give Atlas the same 24-hour service capability as the commercial banks with automated tellers in the same neighborhood.

Offering corporate checking is a groundbreaking venture. No savings and loan institution in California offers corporate accounts, partly because the federally-chartered S&L's are forbidden to, and partly because the state-chartered S&L's had never pursued the matter. Atlas did.

Basically, Atlas lawyers said there was no state law that spe-



Linda Rohde, Atlas' Administrative Officer. (Photo by Rink)





Even a bank party has its Gay moments. . . (Photo by Rink)



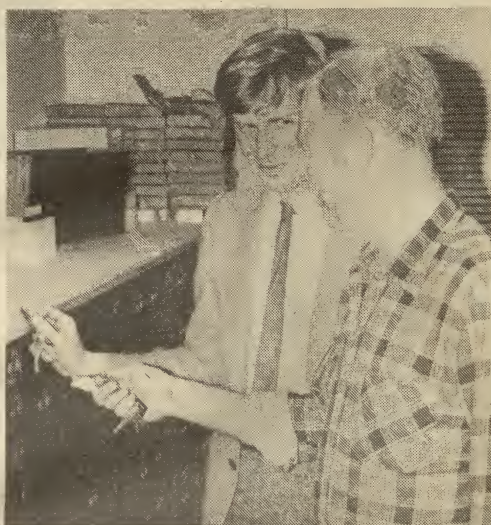
Atlas Directors Walter Leiss (l) and Charlotte Coleman (r) at opening party. (Photo by Rink)

cifically said savings and loans couldn't have corporate accounts, so they should be able to offer them. "The state concurred," said Flanagan.

The Bay Area Reporter, which had tried to open a corporate account when Atlas first opened, had the honor of signing up for the first one.

Predictions about the future growth of Atlas are difficult to forecast. "How can anyone project the economic clout or economic base of the Gay community in San Francisco?" asked Paul DuVal, Atlas vice president and chief financial officer.

DuVal is Flanagan's right-hand man. He's the "computer massager," the man who manages the electronic data processing system that tells him that Atlas's assets have increased 96 percent, and its savings holdings 275 percent. DuVal may be the answer to his own question about Atlas's future. He had nine years of banking experience under his belt, the last three and a half at Sumitomo Bank. He was specializing in information management skills (computers), which he says is the "name of the game today in banking." When he read about Atlas gearing up, he got excited, but he quickly tempered that with the thought of what



Steve Wallace instructs a new Atlas customer on the intricacies of a safe deposit box. (Photo by Rink)

working at a gay bank would do to his career?

After a lot of reflection, he sent a letter off to Flanagan offering his services if they were needed. They were, and DuVal was hired for the number two position in the new S&L's hierarchy. DuVal has staked his career, the same as others are with their money, on the belief that being Gay is

no longer the liability it once was.

The future of Atlas rests with the new-found security Gays are beginning to feel about their public selves.

DuVal feels that sense of security in a more personal way. "At last," he said, "I can bring who I want to the staff Christmas party."

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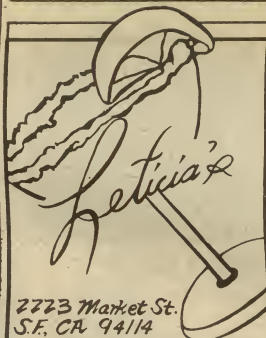
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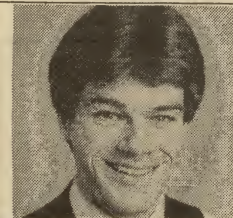
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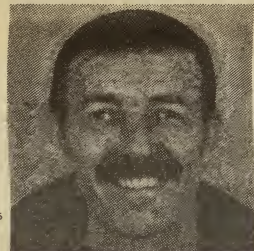
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## 'I Am Not Gay': N.Y. Mayor Says It — Again

Mayor Ed Koch, who received 76% of the popular vote in his recent re-election bid, has said it again: "No, I am not a homosexual." In an April *Playboy* interview, Koch says he is tired of answering the question.

"If I were a homosexual," the New York City Mayor stated, "I would hope that I would have the courage to say so. I happen to believe there is nothing wrong with people who are homosexual. Ten percent of the population is made up of homosexuals. What's cruel is that you are forcing me to say I am not homosexual. This means you are putting homosexuals down. I don't want to do that."

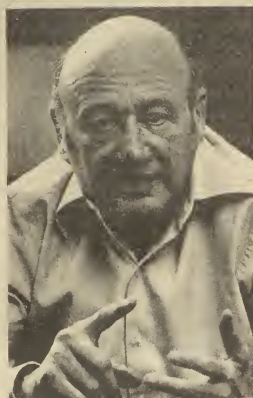
Koch said he is asked the "homosexual" question whenever he runs for public

office because he remains, at age 57, single. He says he believes that politicians who marry have disastrous married lives. Koch says he is also a better servant because "the public gets more hours of work out of me because I don't have to run home to the family."

The popular mayor faced "Vote for Cuomo, Not the Homo" posters when he ran against Mario Cuomo in his first (1976) bid for mayor. Koch barely won that one but received 76% of the popular vote in 1981, having won both the Republican and Democratic nominations. Later Koch served in Congress. He is again taking on Cuomo, in the race for governor.

*Playboy* was persistent and asked Koch if he ever had a

homosexual relationship. He replied that he would not discuss his private sex life in public, adding that with 76% of the popular vote it is evident that "a substantial number of people don't give a shit about that."



NYC's Ed Koch

## Gays React to Reapportionment Plans

by Scott Treimel

On the basis of the 1980 census, last September the California legislature passed an apportionment plan that defines State Senate, Assembly, Equalization Board, and Congressional district boundaries. Democrats have a 25-member majority in the legislature and, consequently, the present apportionment plan was drafted to consolidate, and thereby strengthen, the Democrats' voting power. Apportioning districts to partisan advantage is called gerrymandering and is a habitually exercised prerogative of the party that controls the legislature. Since 1960 California district plans have been engineered by Democrats.

At the primary polls on June 8, Propositions 10, 11, and 12 will ask Californians to overturn last September's apportionment plan, which is presently intended for revision only after the 1990 census is tabulated.

In a related action, the California Republican Party and the nonpartisan lobby Common Cause are co-sponsoring an initiative to amend the state Constitution and establish an independent districting commission that will usurp the legislature's authority to apportion districts. If supporters gather sufficient signatures, the commission proposal will come before voters in the November election. If it is accepted, the Commission will draft new districts for the 1984 election that will remain fixed until the 1990 census is tabulated and new districts are outlined consistent with the Commission's criteria.

Meanwhile, Democrats and Republicans split on the issue.

Duke Armstrong, president of the Gay Concerned Republicans for Individual Rights (CRIR), calls the present apportionment "extremely gerrymandered" and endorses the propositions' passage as well as the commission initiative. "It is important to minorities," he told the *Bay Area Reporter*. "The present apportionment we have now discourages competition for elections and insulates incumbents from voter pressure." This diminishes minority voters' influence, he reasons, because candidates can rely on partisan support and ignore strictly minority issues.

Democratic opponents of the initiative argue district apportionment is by definition a political process. "It's the same process we've used for decades and decades," said Gwenn Craig, president of the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club. "The party in power always drafts districts to its advantage. Republicans have never protested except

when they don't have legislative control." Craig called the Republican effort to repeal last September's apportionment "hypocritical."

"I am strongly against the initiative," said Supervisor Harry Britt. "It is definitely in the interest of the Gay community that the initiative fail. Its passage will result in more Republican seats in the legislature, and that's going to help the Moral Majority pass its agenda more than anything else." Britt explained the idea of a districting commission is sound by not in the Gay interest to support. "Gay people are not powerful enough in our society that we can relinquish what political advantages we have, such as a democratically controlled legislature. Taking politics out of politics always plays into the hands of the right because it is only by politics that people like you and me can register our concerns."

Cleve Jones, aide to Assemblyman Art Agnos, is dubious of the commission initiative because he believes the apportionment process cannot be depoliticized. "I think the independent districting initiative turns Republicans into wolves in sheep's clothing."

State Republican leaders rebut that charge, claiming a nonpartisan districting commission is in the interest of equity and good government. The way Executive Director of the California Republican Party Brian Benson sees it, "California is clearly growing more conservative. Republicans will surely dominate the legislature in 1990, and if we were only involved in political maneuvering, we would just wait till then when we'll have a shot at districting to our advantage."

President Reagan's name is included as a supporter of the commission idea, and since Republicans control the apportionment process in many states, I asked Benson about

the National Republican commitment to equalized, neutral districts. "Call it provincial if you will," he answered, "but we wake up and go to sleep thinking only California politics."

Thus it appears Republicans and Democrats have both sided according to their immediate interests: Democrats opposing the districting commission because it would abolish the present Democratic advantage, Republicans sponsoring it for the same reason. As a nonpartisan lobby co-sponsor of the commission initiative, Common Cause is simply advocating good government practices, which it believes will advance with an independent districting commission. A representative of the group, Eva Lew, said, "The initiative would benefit minorities because it would maintain the integrity of their districts and increase their ability to vote as a bloc. Right now they get less than their fair share of the vote."

Lew's statement primarily speaks to racial minorities which are more monolithic than Gays. Duke Armstrong has written that any representative of San Francisco will be solicitous of Gay rights because the city's population would demand it. Gwenn Craig contends, "Solicitous is one thing, matching that with a record of achievement is something else. We should never take for granted that anyone will serve the Gay constituency."

Despite the Commission's intention to abolish gerrymandered districting in California, the Commission will affect the Democratic and Republican balance in the legislature. Which party better represents the Gay community's interests is a matter Gay voters ought to address when they vote on Propositions 10, 11, and 12 in June and on the commission initiative if it appears on the November ballot.



## POLITICS AND POKER



### Whether Goest Jack Molinari

WAYNE FRIDAY

You can look for Supervisor John Molinari to switch parties and become a Democrat in the not-too-distant future — the rumor keeps coming back, and when I asked the Board President last week he neither confirmed nor denied it but did say he will campaign vigorously for Phil Burton this year in the congressman's fight against Republican Milton Marks, saying, "I just don't see replacing a 20-year veteran in Congress with a State Senator, and besides Phil stuck by me a few years back while Milton sent out a letter of endorsement for my District 3 opponent John Keker." (Jack, of course, didn't mention that the year before he had sent out a similar letter endorsing lightweight Supervisor Bob Mendelsohn in his fight against Milton, and we all know that payback is a bitch; don't we?) The Molinari scenario goes something like this: Jack will probably become a Democrat in June shortly after the primary, make a big deal out of endorsing Burton over Marks; then if Marks should win in November, Molinari would run for the open State Senate seat next spring — if Marks loses, he would have to run a couple of years from now to keep his job and Molinari would expect the Democrats to back their new convert in an attempt to take Marks' job



Phil Burton faces a stiff race (Photo by Rink)

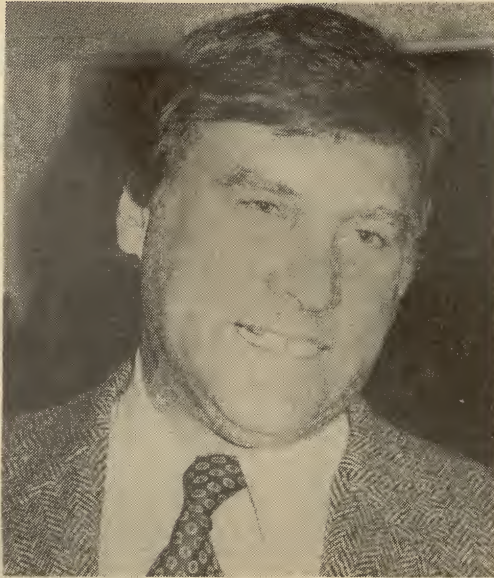
Incidentally, Molinari must be planning something: a small group of his friends in the Chinese community held a quiet dinner/fundraiser for him a few days ago at the Imperial Palace and netted the Supe a neat \$10,000.

Meanwhile, the Burton-Marks congressional fight is really picking up momentum — one Democrat bigshot told me that he saw more of Phil this past weekend around town than he has seen of the powerful congressman in the past couple of years.

The Stonewall Gay Demo Club will be the first Democratic club in town to endorse for the June primary when they do just that next Monday (April 5) at 7:30 at the Women's Building. All congressional and Muni Court candidates have been asked to address the club before the voting . . . and the Gertrude Stein Demo Club, the predominantly Gay political club in Washington, D.C., recently endorsed incumbent Mayor Marion Barry and gave the mayor a respectable \$2,000

donation (Barry is locked in a re-election fight against another Black, Patricia Harris, the former HUD Secretary under Carter) . . . and in Baltimore, MD, the first Gay & Lesbian Demo Club has been formed with over 100 founding members . . . Bill Holtzman, the former executive director of the California Democratic Party will manage the Vidal for Senate camp(aign).

Troops for two major state initiatives, one on the legalization of marijuana and one to establish a statewide lottery, have begun circulating petitions for the November ballot, but organizers have only until April 29 to get the necessary signatures . . . Friends of Supervisor Harry Britt are planning one last fundraiser which they hope will finally clean up his lingering campaign debt, and it's a big one — Making Love star Kate Jackson AND my favorite Jane Fonda will appear at a cocktail party at Tom Horn's home on April 24 to benefit



Board of Supervisors President Jack Molinari looks to 1983 (Photo by Rink)

Harry (950 Rockdale, 6-8pm, \$30 per person, 863-5560 for info) . . . and speaking of fundraisers, I hear that Cleve Jones and Connie O'Connor, running for Demo County Central Committee in June, are planning not one,

but two combined parties — at \$15 a whack, one entitled "Tax Day Toast to Reagan Economics" on April 15 at the Castro Gardens, and another at Jim Foster's home (a wine & cheese party) on April 25 — hey, these people must be

serious about this County Committee thing; it looks like a battle shaping up between the Toklas and the Milk clubs, and I can't wait.

First big shake-up due at the Reagan Ranch in Washington — rumors have it that the President's insiders are not happy with the performance of Attorney General William French Smith, Ronnie's long-time L.A. buddy, who is expected to return to private practice soon, leaving White House Chief of Staff Jim Baker moving to the Justice Department while Undersecretary of State William Clark takes over Baker's powerful White House job . . . GOP Senate candidate Pete Wilson saturating the TV tubes with spot announcements calling himself "the one man Jerry Brown fears the most" . . . incidentally, the ultra Right Wing California Republican Assembly (CRA) endorsed conservative L.A. Congressman Robert Dornan at their Fresno convention over the weekend while endorsing neither of the gubernatorial candidates. Rep. Barry Goldwater, Jr. was expected to win the U.S. Senate endorsement but was apparently denied same when some of the Right Wing Republicans got word of the divorced Goldwater's reputed "racy lifestyle." (Cont on Page 17)

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# A Gay Male's Reflections on Heterosexism

by Jim Stulz

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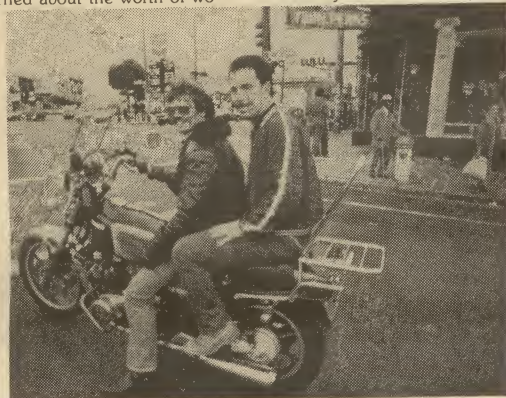
I have long felt that Gay men have a contribution to make on the current thinking on heterosexism and feminism. Because we, as well as women, endure the lie of sexism and because our love/sex relationships are characterized by mutuality in gender, we can well observe the different ways of relating with love/sex partners as practiced by us and by our straight male counterparts. Such observations seem sharpened in my case because I work in a restaurant, and standard restaurant etiquette is heterosexist, and in part also because I am well acquainted with a middle class Latino family who adhere to the **macho** ethic inherited from a time when people were less concerned about the worth of women than we are today.

Sexist restaurant etiquette dictates that the lady is seated first and on the inside (next to a window or wall — as if her accompanying male were protecting her from some danger), the gentleman orders for the lady, the lady is served first, the gentleman tastes the wine, and he is given the check. We in the restaurant business occasionally see exaggerations of these stilted practices, but even their everyday adherence calls us to look for some meaning in them.

When two straight couples are seated at a table in a restaurant with the males facing the males and the females facing the females, the conversation usually takes place between the two men and only occasionally between the women, who often just listen. Men seem to delight in talking shop (or sports, of course — an easy, nonthreatening subject) with each other, and the women resort to "ladies' talk." One is reminded of the rather lengthy discussion in *The Homosexual Matrix* on the delight which men, be they straight or Gay, exhibit in each other's company. Of course, a similar division of couples would be highly unlikely when two Gay couples were seated in a restaurant: that kind of two-by-two relating in a group of four persons clearly has no equivalent in our Gay social habits, and it seems thus particularly disdainful of women from our

to claim that our words totally shape our reality and create it, but neither do I accept the other extreme that words are only neutral symbols which do not affect our view of the reality around us. It seems valuable here to examine heterosexist language a bit.

First, I have learned to disentangle two words which I formerly took as near syno-

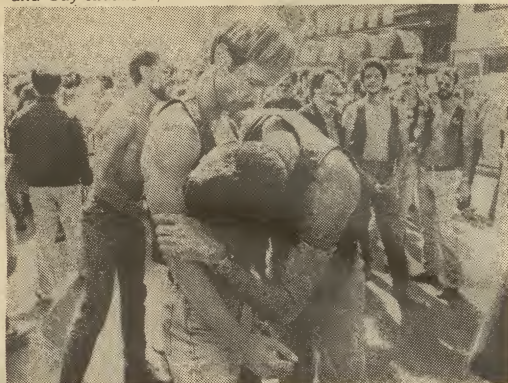


In Gay life "macho" has no place. (Photo by Rink)

point of view where gender mutuality prevails.

More harmful to women is the etiquette which makes the wife the perpetual guest of her husband. A guest, of course, is one who receives hospitality from someone who desires to please the guest somehow, and one assumes that the guest has done nothing **directly** to deserve or earn the treat. In both straight and Gay situations, there are

nymys: **butch** and **macho**. Gay men have so often in the past been considered effeminate that we now often show delight in our everyday masculinity; **butch** simply means: not effeminate — it does not denigrate any other human being. **Macho**, on the other hand, means the lies of both male dominance and male superiority. I recently heard a Latino who adheres to the **macho** ethos brag, "Women



"The strength of our search for justice parallels the wholeness of our Gay male identity." (Photo by Rink)

times when one person will invite another out for a special occasion such as a birthday, and in that case one is truly host, and the other truly guest. But in the case of straight couples, etiquette always puts the wife in a receiving (guest) position: she is not to speak to the waiter, she is presumed incapable of properly tasting the wine, and it is expected that she has no money of her own to pay the check. It seems that the woman must, in some bizarre sense, be grateful to her husband for the benefits which the marriage provides to her. There is hardly a similar situation among ordinary Gay male couples. Gay couples express mutuality in various ways, and it seems clear that we could provide a light to our straight friends in the ways in which we normally treat each other as equal partners.

Words are important. I will not go so far, as have some writers, such as Sartre,

may talk of women's rights all they want, but once I get them in bed, only a man can give them what they really want, and all the talk of rights disappears." I interpret this statement to mean the arrogance of **macho** male power over women: a man can subject a woman to anything provided that he has a penis to offer her — and, ironically for us Gay men, regardless of how unattractive and erotically unkept the rest of his body is. (How peculiar that we never hear bragging on the female side; after all, women have something to offer a straight man which he also can find nowhere else!) The **macho** male, in such a case, is, of course, impoverishing himself since he is closing himself off from much of the total richness which a female can offer him.

Superiority and dominance always imply their opposites: the inferiority and, in this case, the probable hidden

(Continued on next page)

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## Reflections

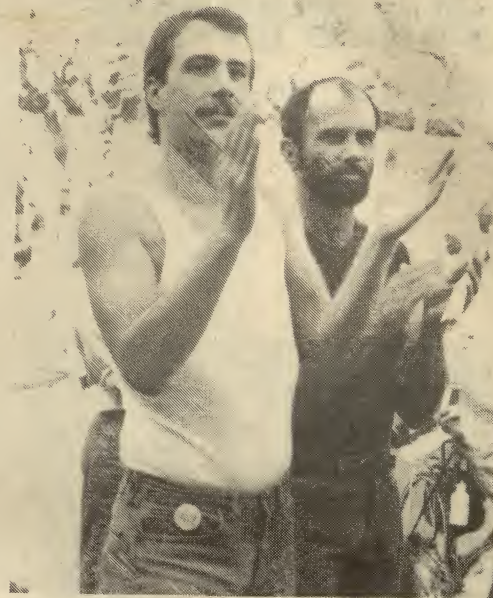
(Continued from Page 16)

hatred of women. It seems no wonder that Barbara Zanotti, a Lesbian feminist divinity student at Harvard, in a recent brilliant talk could complain, "To speak of male dominance is also to speak of misogyny, the hatred of women . . . the enduring violation of women that centuries of male rule bear witness to: from the burning of women on the stakes of Europe to foot binding (and) genital mutilation (in Africa)." The language of these attitudes towards women appears to vary little in Latino men who adhere to the macho ethos and non-Latinos except that the Latinos seem more blatant, bragging, and confident in their boasting. A predominant tone in those of whom I speak is one of mocking and derision of women while affirming male superiority. This tone seems especially startling since these men are speaking of the women who are their life partners and loved ones as well as of other women who are casual sexual encounters.

How different it is with Gay lovers and casual "tricks." Again I fall back on vocabulary as a partial index of attitude. Regarding slang words for sexual intercourse (not to delve into straight and Gay S&M and other seemingly unusual activities which I am not competent to discuss) straight and Gay men share one common slang word: the ever-present **fuck**. I have discussed this vocabulary with Gay friends, and the only other common slang word for intercourse we can come up with in the Gay world is the general **trick with**. Among my straight brothers, I find the following common slang words used to refer to sexual intercourse: **bang, screw, hump, knock up, lay, plow, violate, give her a tumble, give her a mattress thrashing, ream**, and the apparently newest "in" word, **naïl**.

Each of these gives a suggestion of violence to the woman. They give the impression of forcing and taking, the suggestion of the conqueror, someone who is expected to be a braggard in his mockery over the defeated. We all know the smirk which these words bring to the faces of our straight male friends. Again, how different this list is from our Gay lexicon of **trick with**. We Gay persons become painfully aware that there is a significant difference in attitudes towards sexual intercourse between doing something **WITH** someone, as we say, and doing something **TO** someone. It is Gay mutuality versus straight male supremacy and all that that implies in both partners. A Gay man might meet and trick with his true erotic dream, but the next day it would be highly unlikely to hear him say, "I plowed Al Parker," or "He banged me." Rather, we would expect a modest amount of self-effacement as the Gay man expresses his delight in a beautiful man, his good fortune in being able to approach the person, and, hopefully, their mutual joy from the encounter. We would, I believe, be dismayed to hear a Gay man use derogatory and mocking language and speak with a smirk on his face all the while. On the contrary, our language suggests that we treat our sexual partners much more as equal persons even when we are talking about brief encounters.

I have never heard a Gay man mock the male body or male genitals (partly, of course, because it would be self-mockery). Naturally, we



How different it is with Gay lovers. . . (Photo by Rink)

are all attracted erotically to different types of men just as our tastes in shoes, cars, or furniture vary; but we not infrequently come close to awe before the beauty, sexiness, and wonder of the male body. We all know the pleasure-filled phrases which customarily pass our lips as we observe and experience other males. We are also familiar with the gross language which some straight male friends use to speak of the female body, sometimes even those of their wives. Offensive words for the female body are another example of male superiority exhibiting, again, the traits of misogyny. How odd to us and far from our norms that one might mock in gross language the body of the person to whom one makes love and in whom one takes delight!

If we Gay men have insights into the sexist misogyny of straight males, then, surely, we have as well some special responsibility to give more light than we do to this wounded world of ours. Our first efforts must be, I believe, directed towards our own community. We must, as Zanotti further said, "retrieve the reality of . . . Gay love from a less than ideal position." Our role in this world somehow derives from our own personal integrity as Gay men: "the strength of our search for justice parallels the wholeness of our . . . Gay male identity." Next, I hope that we will turn to the world around us. Having ourselves experienced the superior and prejudiced attitudes of others, and having developed naturally a large degree of mutuality in our relationships, we have a special perception of the results of social evil and especially of the particular ways in which women are denigrated by men.

Given this privileged position and perception, we have, again in Zanotti's words, the magnificent "possibility of engendering in each one of us a profound determination for justice for ourselves and for others." We can influence our world. We can assist in the conversation of our heterosexual brothers "from aggression, competition, and might to compassion, cooperation, and care" and thereby enrich their lives. We can, at the same time, activate the concern which we share but all too rarely exhibit for the plight of the other half of humanity, our sisters, both straight and Lesbian, who commonly endure the lie of heterosexism.

creases that will now make Dianne's annual salary \$84,223; Arlo Smith's \$72,505. Sam Duca's \$67,703, and Sheriff Hennessey's pay will be \$54,157 — the Supes, who are paid a ridiculously low salary of \$9,600 annually can raise everyone else's pay except their own.

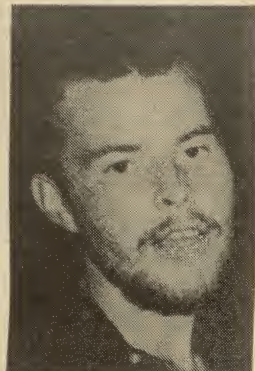
. . . in Philadelphia, a well-known up-front Gay activist, Jeff Britton is a serious candidate for the Pennsylvania state House of Representatives . . . the Harvey Milk Gay Demo Club is having a "Picnic on Angel Island" Easter Sunday, April 11 (885-2510 for tickets & info) . . . Willie Brown's big party last Friday night a huge success and the Speaker was dapper in his leathers.

Some Democrats now fear a bitter Renne-Boxer primary fight could brighten prospects for Republican Dennis McQuaid. Incidentally, Mayor Feinstein made what was already known official last week when she formally endorsed Louise Renne. And deny it or not this is also being viewed as a power struggle between the Mayor's people and the Burton bunch . . . Don't forget the party for BART candidate Bob Barnes at Scott Smith's home on 17th Street April 10. Barnes is an up-front Gay activist and we should help him get elected.

Supervisor Louise Renne will get loads of TV exposure in northern California that can't hurt her primary congressional campaign when the television spots start next week opposing the Peripheral Canal; the Supervisor is featured as one of the Canal's opponents, and it's free exposure for Louise.

. . . add San Diego attorney Bob Lind, former president of the predominant-

ly Gay San Diego Demo Club, to those being considered by Jerry Brown for a judicial appointment Ground Zero Week, April 18-25, being held throughout the country will do for the anti-Nuclear movement what Earth Day did for the cause of environmentalism . . . if you have \$50 bucks and want to help Carole Migden's College Board candidacy you can go to a reception for her tonight (April 1, 5:30-8:30) at the home of Andrea Jepson, 1134 Masonic



Bob Barnes Jr. seeking a BART slot. (Photo by Rink)

Big boosts — the San Francisco Labor Council overwhelmingly endorsed incumbent Phil Burton and Supervisor Louise Renne in the city's two congressional races Monday night and attorney Alfred Chiantelli for the Municipal Court spot in the June 8 primary.

A slate headed by Linda Bazan running for president opposing incumbent Charles Lamb and company in the upcoming election of the Hotel & Restaurant Workers Union (Local 2) Wayne Friday

## POLITICS & POKER

(Continued from Page 15)

. . . and in Lincoln, Nebraska, voters will decide this year whether to add "sexual orientation" to that city's charter to protect Gays in housing, employment, and public accommodation matters . . . Gay activist George Raya is the northern California coordinator of the Mario Obledo for Governor campaign . . . don't invite Supervisors Wendy Nelder and Jack Molinari to the same smoke-filled room, and there is definitely no love between Harry Britt and Community College candidate Sal Rosselli . . . the Board of Supes recently authorized new pay in-



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# THE CALDRON

## Part I: Tuesday Night at the Caldron

I get in line behind the eleven other men standing before the Caldron's outer door, and within a few minutes, a number of men have in turn accumulated behind me. Now this man and now that one turns his head to check out those farther back in line. "Why should I wait until I get inside before I start cruising?" they apparently reason. Several signs on the inner door inform people about to pass through it that the Caldron is a "sexually-oriented men's club;" That "sightseers are not welcome — participants only;" and that the dress code is "sleaze, raunch, leather. Are you willing to play in what you are wearing?"

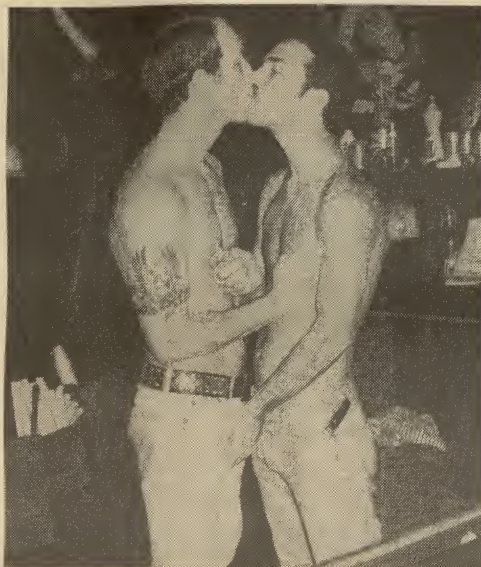
I hand the doorman three dollars, sign my name, then pass through the inner door and enter the bar area where twenty or more men are sitting and standing, most with beers or cigarettes in their hands. The bartender is dressed in nothing but a jock-strap. A toilet seat hangs on one wall, an American flag on another. The sounds of music and male voices are punctuated frequently by the buzz that accompanies each opening of the door. Beyond the bar area is another line that I join, this one in front of the "clothes check" room. I ask the man behind the counter for a box and, standing off to one side, remove all of my clothes except tennis shoes and sweatpants, place them in the box, get in line again, and check it. Men set out from this area in various stages of dress and undress, some with shirts and pants on, some wearing only pants, some only a shirt, some wearing nothing but the one article of clothing everybody is required to wear at the Caldron: shoes.

I walk down a hallway. On shelves running along it are lighted candles in the sort of red glass containers that decorate the tables of low-budget restaurants. I pass two men who are hugging and kissing each other fitfully, one taking sips of beer now and then. I turn left into the water-sports room. Several men are pissing on the man who lies in the farther bathtub. No one is pissing on the chubby man occupying the other one, however, so he hoists himself out of it and walks away. Since I am a non-water-sports person, I go to the toilet to relieve myself, but while I am standing there, a man darts around from one side and intercepts my stream of urine with his mouth. I just raise my eyebrows and continue to pee. When I've finished, the man rises, says, "Thank you," and vanishes.

I pass into the main room. A naked man has taken up residence in one of the slings, legs spread, asshole easily accessible and at a convenient height. "Do with me what you will," he seems to be saying to the male world at large. Soon, a man comes over, rolls up his sleeves, and starts slowly, carefully, passionlessly fist-fucking him. I head for

crosses it at a certain point, a face. The only other luminous objects in this nighttime world are two feeble red lights in the ceiling, the occasional shooting stars of matches being lit, then quickly extinguished, and the dimmer, but more enduring fireflies of burning cigarettes.

A man walking towards me reaches out, gives my cock a



Two of the friendly service people at The Caldron. (Photo by Rink)

the area in the back of the building.

I have been doing what everyone who comes to the Caldron spends so much of his time here doing: strolling about, making the rounds. "Let's see what's over here," we say, unemphatically curious, setting off in one direction. "And now let's see what's over there," we continue a minute later, setting off in another one. Most of us adopt the same butch saunter and move at the same-unhurried pace. We come and go, come and go, endlessly passing in and out of the various rooms. Whatever interesting things happen to us in this place happen in the context of much coming and going. That is the desert in which erotic oases lie, the setting of base metal surrounding the precious stones.

In the rear area — the most dimly lit part of the complex and therefore the one where the most sexual activity takes place — a soft, seemingly palpable shaft of light slips in through the open transom window above the emergency exit. The shaft falls steadily on the leg of a platform table, but at times also catches and illuminates a foot, a leg, an arm, and occasionally, if someone

few strokes in passing, and continues on his way, without pausing and without any apparent wish to become involved with me. A hand reaches in front of me to scoop out some Crisco from one of the many cans of the stuff that dot the Caldron. The wall at my back begins to throb, men having sex on the other side of the wall and leaning against it.

Man A moves towards Man B, invited by the steady gaze with which his own steady gaze is met, then begins stroking the other man's cock. They quickly function as a honey-pot around which other men gather. This is another recurring phenomenon of the Caldron. Two men start interacting; one or two other men draw near; then more and more men come over to the area and watch, perhaps join in. Sooner or later, now this man and now that one decides to move on for one reason or another, and the cluster dissolves. Groups can make and unmake themselves in remarkably short periods of time. The small orgy room by the emergency exit sometimes fills, then empties in a matter of minutes.


I reflect that there are probably not too many places in the world more lavishly furnished with people having sex together than this back area. The north wall is so closely lined with couples that a man from one will occasionally bump against one from another. The orgy room is at present so thickset with interlocking men that one person has to climb over the table in order to get from the back of the room to the front.

If one's chief criterion in selecting a place to do one's man-hunting is, "Do things happen there? Do I succeed in connecting with men?" the Caldron is where one should go. Time spent in bars and baths can be uneventful even if one is trying fairly hard to make it otherwise. In contrast, one would have to try fairly hard in order to prevent an evening at the Caldron from being eventful. Because the idea here is not to take somebody home or off to one's private room and have sex with him, these men are much less cautious than those in bars and baths. One has no commitment to stick around if one is only a single member of some impromptu sex team. And even if one is taking part in a pas de deux and not some larger-scale sexual dance, should things not go well, one can excuse oneself and drift away. When sex is disappointing, one's contact with a man may be so brief that it makes a one-night stand seem like a prolonged relationship in comparison. If sex is good, one may spend the entire evening with a man.

While Man C is being fucked by Man D and sucked off by Man E, Man F places his hand on Man C's left pectoral and starts caressing it. Man C doesn't even look over to see whose hand is touching him. What does he care? He is in that frame of mind that comes upon all Caldron-men at times and is habitual with a number of them; the frame of mind in which it is the experience of raw sexual excitement and sexual pleasure that is of supreme importance. Whatever behavior will secure him the largest quantity and most nearly-perfect continuum of it is the behavior he will choose. If it is having this man bite his tits while another man rims him, that is what he will have happen. If it is turning his back on a man he is fooling around with when a more interesting one comes along, this is what he will do.

I look about and see jock-straps, jeans, boots, a baseball cap, a leather vest, a torn t-shirt, moustaches, pectorals, chest hair, bodies shiny with sweat, cocks shiny with lubricant. Those of us who come to the Caldron agree to be participants in each other's erotic fantasies. There is an exchange of favors: you be a figure in my fantasy and I shall be one in yours. We turn

(Continued on next page)

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# THE CALDRON

Part I: Continued



Jim "Splash" Gilman (l) and partner Hal with some of their friendly staff await your visit to The Caldron. (Photo by Rink)

ourselves into characters from the erotic dream Gay men dream collectively. In pornographic films, excerpts from the dream are acted out before us. At the Caldron, we become not only observers of dream-passages, but also performers in them. I cease to be Gary Pedler, and you cease to be Bob Summers, or Chris Yoder, or Alan Lindsay. We are without jobs, homes, hobbies, pasts, and are only male figurines, erotic icons.

Modern-day Americans have been trained to react negatively to the idea of treating people as "sex objects." But why is dealing with other people as sex objects or allowing oneself to be dealt with as one oneself things that should be frowned upon at all times and in all circumstances? Why is it essential that we always perceive each other as three-dimensional, multi-faceted human beings? We ignore the sexual component of people in many situations. Why shouldn't we permit ourselves to ignore their extra-sexual components in other ones?

The difficulty of treating other people purely as sex objects is underestimated. Special conditions and the observance of certain rules are necessary if the feat is to be carried off. One rule is: no conversation. While a lot of chatting is done out in the bar area, in the parts of the building where most of the sexual activity occurs, talk is limited to the replaying of a few standard sex tapes ("Oh yea, suck that cock") or little remarks like, "Thanks" and, "I'm going to walk around for a while now." Full-fledged conversation lowers the sexual temperature. For most Gay men, the sexiest kind of sex is butch, straight-faced, and laconic. Conversation dilutes the purity of the sexual experience; drags in the personal, the intellectual, the humorous, the workaday. If the

sex object becomes talkative, he changes into a person.

Curious uses can be made of the fact that speech eroticizes at the Caldron. In order to repel one undesirable, I start talking to him, beginning by asking him what time it is. My tactic works, and he wanders off after a few minutes.

I connect with one man, but he doesn't like my style of love-making and suddenly drifts away without a parting word, touch, gesture. I next connect with a man who, though comporting himself as a butch man, does like my non-butch style and adapts himself to it. After a long while, I start a conversation with him — not in order to discourage sexual aggression, but because sexual activity has wound down. At one point, I ask him if he has been coming to the Caldron long. "For about a year," he replies. "Do you come often?" "Yea, pretty regularly." "You must be a familiar figure by now." "Yea, me and my little bottle of Calistoga water," he sighs, taking a sip from it. He makes this remark in a tone that, along with the rest of my experience with him, opens up for me a little door on his life. I sense mild weariness with this palce, weariness with fast-and-loose sex. I sense a desire for something more — for love perhaps, romance, companionship — but also a fairly complete resignation to not getting it.

I later connect with a third man, and we end up having a long session of love-making that is intelligent, inventive, polymorphous-perverse. While we are having our quiet, subtle sex together, in another part of the room a big, bearded leatherman is spanking a man who is draped over his lap, and in yet another part, a man is avidly licking another man's tall, black boots. Eventually, my partner and I go have a drink at the bar, chat, ex-

change phone numbers, then return to the meleé.

At eleven thirty, I take a final tour of inspection. At an hour when many Gay establishments are just starting to simmer, the Tuesday night Caldron stew is starting to cool. Most of the men who re-

"At the Caldron we become not only observers of dream passages but also performers in them."

— Gary Pedler

main are still there because they have connected with an interesting man or some interesting men. These couples and groups issue no invitations to outsiders, but are tight-knit, introverted. The naked man who occupied a sling earlier in the evening is back in one again, waiting. A man sits on a car tire that leans against one wall and masturbates, probably soon to achieve by himself the ejaculation he did not achieve earlier in company. In the hallway, a few men are removing their clothes from boxes and putting them back on again. I, too, put my clothes back on, then walk out into the cool, lightly-starred night.

The man I exchanged phone numbers with calls me that Sunday and we go out for brunch together. In the weeks that follow, we have each other over for dinner fairly often, attend a Theatre Rhinoceros play together, have a picnic in Golden Gate Park one cloudless afternoon. When I am laid waste by the flu, he comes to my apartment and strokes my head, holds my hand, makes me something to eat, ties up my kitchen. As February 14 draws near, I mail him a card, and he later phones to tell me that yes, he will be my valentine.

More than most places that Gay men frequent, the Caldron is a number of things to a number of people. Different sortsof men go there with different goals and priorities and have different kinds of sex. It is a "create your own reality" facility par excellence; an empty stage with a blank backdrop and only a very few props. If one wants the Caldron to be just a place where one can get one's rocks off with the help of a lot of hot men, that is all it will be. If one wants it to be a place where one can have eye-opening, liberating, phantasmagorical debauches, that is what it will be. If one wants it to be a place where one can meet men who have not only bodies one finds likable, but also personalities, and who are open to the idea of having repeat performances, that is what it will be.

That is not to say that the Caldron does not have a character of its own. It has a very definite character, and if it could speak, it would say simply, "I disencumber you. I clear a path for you. I grant you permission. I give you scope."

Gary Pedler

## Solidarity Presents S / M Forum

On Thursday, April 8, Solidarity - Gay/Lesbian Liberation will present a forum entitled "Sexual Freedom: S/M & The Lesbian & Gay Communities." This forum, the first in a continuing monthly series, will be held at Swedish American Hall, 2174 Market Street (between Church & 15th Streets) at 7:30pm. A

\$1 donation is requested.

Panelists will focus on the response of the Lesbian/Gay and women's communities to the increasing visibility of S/M. Particular attention will be paid to the 1981 N.O.W. resolution on S/M, Lesbian/Gay community reaction to fabrications about S/M fos-

tered by the coroner's report on S/M and media coverage of the Folsom Street Fire and the relationship of Samoos to the Bay Area women's movement.

Solidarity's second forum, tentatively scheduled for May 13, will focus on the present situation in Central America.

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by Woolly

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## OAKLAND

### Beware Those Who Believe the New Year Starts April One!

#### RARA AVIS! (The Nose Knows A Miracle!)

On this very Thursday, a true phenomenon occurred! Perhaps it was a hanger-on from the Jupiter Effect, but EVERY bounced check in every Gay bar in Oakland was purchased back in cash! Bar owners are still glassy-eyed from awe . . . or is it the booze?

#### EDIFYING! (A Balanced Nose?)

A.C.I.E. audited its books and found out that the organization was in the "black" to the tune of \$1.98. Emperor II Chuck immediately claimed the overage as some sort of first prize in an up-coming Beauty Pageant!

#### TOILETTE (The Nose Was Flushed?)

An announcement may be expected any day now from Nova Lei Spears that feminine attire will no longer be a part of the wardrobe. It seems as if Nova took the hint from her mother, Fat Fairy, and decided to don only leather and various other uniform-type finery from now on. A line three blocks long is anticipated, composed of those who will be eagerly awaiting the feminine discards!

#### RENUNCIATION! (A Nose Without A Throne?)

Word has it that Emperor III Tony Valentine will abdicate his position with the A.C.I.E. Unfounded rumors from various vague sources indicate that he desires the Governorship of California. He realizes that he cannot hold two titles at the same time . . . thus, his vacating his position!

#### CIRCUMJACENCIES! (A Titillated Nose?)

Bench & Bar - expansion into the law offices upstairs was completed this week. Dining facilities will be moved up there in order to make the main floor into the West's largest disco. (West of Wall, South Dakota?)

Berry's - Little Mother, manager, donated her S.F. money (!) to Big Chuck so he would go back to court reporting school, and be out of her hair!

Jubilee - Betty and Val are making plans to install an escalator to the dance area . . . less wear and tear on the legs (and the building supports?).

Lake Lounge - Mobil Travel Guide awarded a 4-Star rating to the buffets served there, and the medal of honor is prominently displayed over the back bar. (Jeff was heard to proclaim that HE was the only STAR at the Lake Lounge!)

Lancers - Mary Azar gave up on San Jose, and repurchased her original bar on Lake Shore. She plans to cater solely to the teenybopper Gay set, serving shakes, sodas, frappes, and Clearasil!

Ollie's - construction was completed on the olympic-sized swimming pool in the

back room. The Gay World Series is considering holding the water sport finals there! (John Wayne????)

Revol - Owners Ralph and Pete gave notice to management that they will be raising the rent the first of the month. The exact amount was not disclosed, but from what was leaked out, you may expect

resist, so I put my hand on an inviting knee. The interviewee said, "Come on, Nez: you have the interview, you can go a little farther." I said to myself, I said, "Self, what the Hell?" So I drove all the way to the next station!

#### UBIQUITY! (Does the Nose Lie?)

Back to reality . . . Hey! You didn't think that the preceding was for real . . . did you??? (April Fool's Day, you know!)

Anyway, the Six Month Anniversary Party for T•N•T at the Bench and Bar was a really fun night. The Country Dinner was to be believed, and all those Western cos-



Backstage at the recent chili cook-off, Lou Greene and Nez Pas cook as they wish each other "Good Luck!" (Photo by Hagatha)

drinks to range from \$7 to \$22, and dinners from \$19.95 (special) to \$83.25 for the surf and turf . . . which they don't have anyway! Naturally, Ethel fainted!

White Horse - because of the success of the Country/Western nights, announcements were made concerning a symphony night, a jazz night, a Top 40 night, a movie/TV theme night, a string ensemble night, a Limbo night, a waltz night, and a folk song night. (Nine nights a week?)

#### THE FOURTH ESTATE (A Nose A Day Keeps the WHAT Away?)

Look forward this month for the B.A.R. to go DAILY! Now all of you can catch the Chronicle, eye the Examiner, reach for the Peach, thumb through the Tribune, AND bask with B.A.R. As was to be expected, Bob Ross was elated, and Paul Lorch beamed! All the reporters quit!

#### GAZINGSTOCK! (The Nose Laughs Once in a While!)

I had finished interviewing one of my latest Oakland "personalities" at the place of occupation, and I volunteered to drive that person to the BART station on Fruitvale. On the way, I couldn't

tumes were enough to make Dale Evans give up Trigger, Bullet, Buttermilk, and Roy! The raffle for the full western outfit was won by Rick of Hayward. One can only hope that it's never worn around Sean, Deputy!!

This month still brings all of you such highlights as:

Trashy Trish's "Please Don't Take It Personally. But You Really Do Deserve It" awards at the Lake Lounge, Sunday, April 4.

Tony Valentine's 73rd Avenue Baths Party, Tuesday, April 6. There is a \$7 cover charge which includes a buffet. Several prizes awarded for various categories. Check the flyers and posters for full details.

Until then, SMILE, damnit, SMILE!!!

Love,  
Nez

(An aside, after thought, a P.S., a question . . . How come B.A.R. never wished ME a happy birthday? I have not used all of them. YET! Just because I'm thirty . . . er . . . harumph . . . and holding, doesn't mean that I don't appreciate those printed wishes in the paper! A Double Gemini doesn't forget. The four of us WILL remember . . . We will remember IF we can think of the original question!)



Says Nez Pas: "When the results of the Chili Cook-off were announced, I graciously congratulated what's-his-name for winning!" (Photo by Hagatha)



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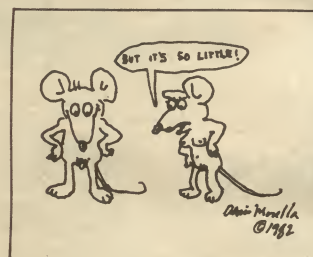
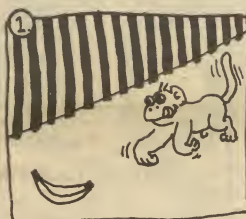
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# CROZON CORNER

By Denis Morella  
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SUCKLING PIG



Denis Morella, age 22, originally from Philadelphia, PA, graduated from Philadelphia College of Art with a BFA in Illustration/Animation. Residing in San Francisco since October of 1981, he has been pursuing a career as an illustrator, cartoonist, graphic artist, animator. With this issue, Morella's work will appear regularly in the Bay Area Reporter.



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## B.A.R. INTERVIEW

### Martha Schlamme Of Worldly Disasters and Survival in Song

by John F. Karr

Even before being informed that she was being interviewed by a Gay writer for a Gay newspaper, singer and actress Martha Schlamme was relating an experience that centered around her contact with Gays.

"One of the greatest successes of mine was an appearance a few months ago at the Gay Synagogue in New York. Never ever have I had an audience that loved what I have to say as much. It was incredible. A Gay Synagogue altogether seems incongruous to me, but there it was. It was a Friday night service. There was a terrible piano and a shabby atmosphere, but it was unforgettable."

"I think identification is it," mused Ms. Schlamme. "In their own milieu, at home (in their synagogue), they responded chauvinistically, emotionally, instead of on an artistic level. The identification with the subject is greater. They stamped and cheered; it was an absolute love-in!"

It's not that Martha Schlamme sings explicitly Gay-themed songs. She doesn't. "But, after all," she said, "I was an oppressed person. I speak of things that people who have had any kind of trouble in this world respond to. I just hope the readers of your paper come to my concert here."

This is a legitimate concern, for although the singer's humanitarian stance would speak strongly to a Gay audience, few Gays — or straights — of a younger generation are familiar with her name.

"Yes, I know," she concurred, laughing. "It's a disaster somewhere!"

It's a disaster the sprightly, humorous woman takes in stride. She's weathered enough disasters to stock a tumultuous Hollywood movie about her life.

As Jews, her family's Austrian citizenship was revoked when she was young.

"He" came to power in 1937," she said, avoiding the name the way an Orthodox Jew uses a synonym for the name of God, while giving it special emphasis. "We left in 1938."

The family traveled to England, where they remained stateless. "You couldn't become English through the whole war, because we were enemy aliens. I was in an internment camp for two years." In the camp Schlamme heard a Danish folksinger. "This was where I was influenced to do what I began to do, singing folksongs of many lands and peoples."

In 1950 she came to America, with a few belongings, one coat, a pair of nylons and a new husband. "His mother met us at the pier and laughed when I said I was going to be a singer. 'Like this?' she said to me. 'You won't get past the first secretary looking like this!'"

That response hardened Schlamme's resolve to pursue her career, which flourished immediately. She was soon singing in the Catskill Mountains, a resort area favored by Jews. They were thankful that Schlamme sang in their language. Coupled with her youth and purity of spirit, these qualities brought such success

that her first Town Hall Concert, in 1951, was totally sold-out.

"I was keeping their language alive, and I had my heart in the right place," she reflected. "I'm against war, I'm against bigotry, so the whole progressive movement embraced me at the time."

No sooner had she founded an important career in a new country when new difficulties arose.

"The world collapsed again, with the McCarthy Era. I was never a member of anything, thank God, but I was attached to things I believed in. I was very active in the Rosenberg campaign."

The Rosenbergs were executed in the gas chamber, convicted of selling the Russians instructions for making the Atom Bomb.

"I didn't want these people to be killed. It blacklisted me. There was no longer a progressive movement, they were scattered. For years, people who'd come to everything I did didn't come anymore because they'd turned their backs on all things controversial. It was a terrible time in our country."

"The atmosphere was so frightening that I kept thinking, 'well, where are we going to run now? Where does one go after here?' Thank God it was defeated. I just hope we don't run into it again, which is very threatening at the moment."

Schlamme developed a new audience, shrugging off the tale with a Viennese worldliness that is a humorous version of world-wearyness. "We survived it all," she said.

But not unchanged. The flight from Hitler, the English internment and the McCarthy era events had a profound effect. "My career has been very strange," she told me. "I was first this sweet polite Jewish Viennese folksinger, whose one expression of dissent was the anti-war sentiment. I didn't sing brutal songs. I didn't know how! That changed."

"I realized that I needed larger vehicles for expression." The charming folksongs just did not encompass the world experienced by Ms. Schlamme.

For awhile she performed an aria from *The Consul* by

Menotti, which was about being stateless and in the hands of bureaucrats (see box). She delved into the popular music of her childhood, and found fame and a second career as an interpreter of Weill and Brecht songs. Her recording, "An Evening with Kurt Weill," led to a stage version which she has recently been performing to great success with Alvin Epstein.

But Martha Schlamme's Concert Cabaret, as she calls her one-woman show, is a good deal more far-ranging than Kurt Weill, and a good deal more contemporary than the songs of her European youth. Among the composers she presents are Kurt Tucholsky, a German satirist, whose songs are pointed vignettes ("I really am the only person in America who sings them; they're like little art songs. The humor is wonderful", Marc Blitzstein (whose "Nickel Under the Foot" from *The Cradle Will Rock* is a new addition), Melissa Manchester and David Shire (who with Richard Maltby wrote the new standard, "I Don't Remember Christmas," also featured in the concert), plus such expected composers as Weill, Brel and Sondheim. Schlamme presents poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay, Judith Viorst and Ntozake Shange, and binds the whole evening together with her own comments.

"I have the program divided. In the first half I deal mainly with the relationship between men and women — the possibility, impossibility, the laughter, the idiocy. It's funny."

"In the second half the world is brought in, war, immigration, the depression. The program appears a good mixture of recognizing the despair in the world. But I am by nature very positive, and I think that comes through. I close with Brel's 'If We Only Have Love.' That's what I feel: if only that, then everything would be possible."

Ms. Schlamme claims that audience response is important to her, since the show is so personal. To that end she's kept it entertaining as well as instructive. It's rare to find a singing actress who can relate the stories Schlamme can. "People don't know about people who cross borders and flee from Hitler and stuff like that," she said.

But Schlamme, in her unusual Concert Cabaret can, and does, address such issues, with her unique collection of songs, experience and talent.

She mentions again the Gay audience who found her appearance in their synagogue so moving. "I don't know if these same Gay people would respond like this at a regular concert," she wondered, "but they and students, they love me the most, they identify the most."

The chance to identify with Ms. Schlamme is a rare privilege. This engagement will be the first time she has performed in San Francisco, when she presents her Concert Cabaret at The Great American Music Hall (885-0750) on Monday, April 5 at 8PM.



International concert artist Martha Schlamme presents her multi-cultural, multi-lingual cabaret show at the Great American Music Hall on April 5.

Although her cabaret show will undoubtedly leave me with a unique memory, she ended our visit with a compliment.

"It's so nice to find someone who knows of my work," she said, smiling. "And a young man, yet!"

## To This We've Come

In Menotti's opera *The Consul*, Magda Sorel entreats the Consul's secretary to help secure the papers that will, in effect, save Magda's life, but are withheld by bureaucracy.

To this we've come:

that men withhold the world from men.  
No ship nor shore for him who drowns at sea.  
No home nor grave for him who dies on land.

To this we've come:

that man be born a stranger upon God's earth,  
that he be chosen without a chance for choice,  
that he be hunted without the hope of refuge.  
To this we've come, and you, too, shall weep.  
If to men, not to God, we now must pray,  
tell me, secretary, tell me.

Who are these dark archangels?

Is there anyone behind those doors

to whom the heart can still be explained?

Is there anyone who still may care?

Oh! the day will come, I know,

when our hearts aflame will burn your paper chains.

Warn the Consul, secretary, warn him.

That day neither ink nor seal shall cage our souls,

That day will come, that day will come!

Gian Carlo Menotti



The Ambush has reported strong response to the photographs of Nina Glaser, which will be on display at the Harrison Street bar through April 4



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—Newsweek



PAPA

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*Francesco Rosi*

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## What Is This Thing Called Gay?

### The Movies Grow Up

by Michael Lasky

In Vito Russo's penetrating history, *THE CELLULOID CLOSET — HOMOSEXUALITY IN THE MOVIES* (Harper & Row, \$7.95) he points out the ways in which gay men and lesbians have been portrayed on the screen. Sad to say, gays have been treated no better than limp-wristed Steppin Fetchits. That is until this last year.

It seems that 1981 was the start of a renaissance for the positive depiction of gays by Hollywood. And 1982 certainly looks promising with *MAKING LOVE*, *PERSONAL BEST*, *VICTOR/VICTORIA*, *DEATHTRAP* and *PARTNERS* providing a silver screen lining in just the first quarter.



The history of Gay movies runs from this couple sharing a bed.

Each is well meaning in its intention to show gay people as people, period. If the films' relative qualities are questionable that's a side issue.

Certainly none of the pictures are, by any means, perfect. But coming at a time when the New- and Old-Right is wielding its Puritan conservatism, the new consciousness towards gays is not only the breath of fresh air we have long been clamoring for, but a particularly courageous one, too.

After all, the motion picture industry is the biggest closet of them all. Even well-intentioned straights are filled with irrational fear of being labeled if they merely dabble with the concept of a gay-themed movie. What turned the tide for gays? The new found political power of an ever-increasing number of uncloseted gays has helped. Many of these people are, of course, in the industry. Working gradually within the system they have, if not exactly brought about change, relaxed the climate to allow previous iconoclastic thoughts to be taken seriously.

The CRUISING debacle helped gays more than they know. That chance sore of celluloid impressed upon decision-makers the fact that much of their knowledge of gays was ludicrous myth. It was an embarrassment for ostensible liberals and the seed with which a com-

important as that it got out there. (Financially it is doing quite well, thank you.)

It was the first film out of Hollywood to say explicitly that there's nothing wrong with being gay.



... to this couple (Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri). What does the future hold?

Concurrently, the completely natural lesbian depictions in *PERSONAL BEST* are almost startling in their relaxed matter-of-factness. That the subject is lesbianism takes away much of the threat to males. It was easier for them to say "Go ahead and make it — the dyke issue is no big deal."

That they are rather evil ones is okay, too. After all, not all gay people are as goody-goody as the ones in *MAKING LOVE*. *DEATHTRAP* reveals that gays come from all walks of life and can be just as greedy as the next guy.

*VICTOR/VICTORIA* is Blake Edwards' "Pink Panther Meets Some Like It Hot At La Cage Aux Folles." It is a sexual farce in the classic tradition but with new-found 80's sensibilities. The only problem here is that as well intentioned as it is to show gays as regular guys it sometimes goes overboard with its some-of-my-best-friends-are-mentality. Julie Andrews dresses as a man so she can play a female impersonator (something some people say she's been doing for years, anyway). Robert Preston is her gay confidant and as sexual identities get mistaken one way and the other, Blake Edwards makes some wry statements about the hypocrisy of straights. The film clearly cries out that "homosex is no big deal, now let's get to the more important issues of life."

The only quibble I have is how he does this. Since the film takes place during the depression in Paris, I expected the homosexual characters to use 1920-30's colloquialisms. While the word "gay" existed then it was not a part of everyday language until the 1960's. Yet the characters in *VICTOR/VICTORIA* bandy it about as if Stonewall occurred during World War I. It's a bit unsettling, almost as if Edwards is bending over backwards to prove he's on "our side." It is a forced unnaturalness that almost negates all the good the film otherwise achieves with its otherwise positive approach to homosexuality.

### The current rash of Gay-themed movies is a cinematic Stonewall, reinforcing our own vision while informing others.

plete reversal of gay depiction in movies was planned.

That a woman (Sherry Lansing) coincidentally became head of production at Twentieth-Century Fox was serendipity. She did not have the hang-ups that men in similar positions harbored, so she was completely open-minded — even missionary — in giving the green light to *MAKING LOVE*.

Despite its dramatic faults, *MAKING LOVE* was above all, the trend-setting film purposely created to treat homosexuality sympathetically and nonjudgmentally. Whether it succeeded in its efforts is not as

But the joke is on them when we consider what the film accomplishes in its communication of a gay sensibility.

*DEATHTRAP*, a comedy mystery directed by Sidney Lumet from the still-running Broadway thriller by Ira Levin, also approaches its gay characters matter-of-factly. They are, however, particularly heinous people. This puts a new wrinkle in the fabric. There is no big to-do when Christopher Reeve and Michael Caine lustily kiss each other as there was with *MAKING LOVE*. They just do it, period. They are homosexuals.

What I object to then is the actual word "Gay." In the 20's, society put gay before "Nineties", not "men." Yet if Edwards were to use the language of the day (queer/fruit) he would be perceived as intolerant instead of just accurate.

I prefer accuracy to patronizing pussyfooting. Fortunately little harm is done here given the general temperament of the film and its characters. It is after all, a comedy and it does put straight men in their place, even teaching them a lesson.

Will the upcoming John Hurt / Ryan O'Neal film *PARTNERS*, about a gay and straight cop, continue the trend of positive gay portrayal? Advance word is both yes and no. Whatever the case, gays finally have found some friends in Hollywood who are gradually addressing, and enlightening, straights about homosexuality.

After years of negative brainwashing about this thing called "gay", straight thinking is not going to change because a few movies present a radical turnabout viewpoint. *SHAFT* and *SUPERFLY* didn't bring the races together in harmony. But these films are a beginning; a second Stonewall if you will. For they are just as needed in reinforcing gays opinions of ourselves as they are in letting straights see us in a light of reason.



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# Gay In The Dark

## Can A Theatre Remain Serious In A Gay Neighborhood?

by Scott Treimel

A couple weeks back, I was asked to recommend a relaxing evening to a friend who suffers Shot Nerves Syndrome because he works in the Financial District. "You just live a block away," I said, "Why not go to the Castro Theatre?" "There?" he exclaimed in shocked disbelief. "That's like suggesting I go to the circus." A testy exchange erupted over the nature of the Castro Theatre, I claiming it is an ornate movie house lately showing camp films, he maintaining it is a circus. At last we bet a dinner on it and I went off to investigate.

Earlier, before gay blades began sprouting in the neighborhood, no one suspected the Castro Theatre of circus-like leanings. It opened on June 22, 1922, as a fancy neighborhood movie house — not the grand high top it appears to be today. The Nassers, a pioneer San Francisco movie family, owned the new theatre, as they had its forerunner, the Liberty Theatre, which stood from 1910 to 1922 where Cliff's Variety is today. From the start, the architecture was a mixed bag, with Spanish Colonial design influenced by the California Mission motif and here and there a Moorish touch (the tent ceiling) and some Art Deco fixtures thrown in during the '30s. In 1976 the Surf Theatre chain assumed operating responsibilities and has since been refurbishing the theatre to its original splendor.

"I wouldn't say it's a circus," said Mary Rose, who works the ticket booth. "But the clientele can get pretty wild. I got a call the other evening asking what the feature was. When I told the guy it was 'The Misfits' and 'Night of the Iguana,' he said, 'My God, what will I wear?'"

"Oh, do many people come in costume?"

"Well, a bunch of guys tried to be Scarlet O'Hara when we showed 'Gone With The Wind.' And 'All About Eve' inspired lots of drag.

"Betty Davis drag?"

"Oh, how can you tell?"

I had no response to that but fortunately Mary Rose went on just the same.

"Divine came when we played 'Polyester' — boy, you should have seen her dress; like a bumble bee in heat."

Though no entomologist, I believe that's biologically impossible. But I didn't say that. I didn't say anything because I knew if Mary Rose continued she was sure to cost me a dinner. So I went inside to question the staff behind the refreshment counter.

"A circus? Sometimes," said Brian, milling through the

Junior Mints and Jujubees. "Listen to this. One time a guy came just to stand under the marquee and interact with the posters. He tried to romance the poster to 'Taxi Zum Klo.'" Then he danced over to Lena Horn's photo and started singing to it. His favorite, though, was Fred Astaire. He just stood transfixed in front of his picture and said, 'I love you, Fred. You're so good, Fred.' He had a rose in his lapel — didn't seem too drunk, either."

"So he was kind of like a circus clown?"

"Yeah."

Humph, I thought: looks like I'll be springing for the dinner. I continued, however, convinced the true, calm story of the Castro Theatre remained to be told. I approached Elbert, the organist.

"It's a good audience to play for," he told me — real susceptible."

"Oh, susceptible?"

"To the music, I mean. And they go along with the films. If there's something to applaud, they do. They don't sit on their hands."

This I knew from my own experience. When I saw "New York, New York", the fellow sitting next to me had his hands everywhere — in my face, in the hair of the woman in front of him, and in the lap of the fellow on his other side. He believed, apparently, he was a maestro in the midst of a frenzied, bravura performance. Irrked by his antics, the couple behind him asked that he keep still. "Repressed Anglos," he snarled, and resumed with his imaginary baton.

It was beginning to look bleak and I was already resenting the big appetite my friend would no doubt save up for the dinner it seemed I'd be buying. Yet, I remained firm in my conviction that crazy behavior is beyond the norm of the theatre's general audience. I decided I'd go to the top. I called Mel Nabokov, the owner of the Surf Theatre chain. I first reached Ann Elphick, the publicity director. "What do you

think of the audience participation at the Castro Theatre?" I asked.

"It's gotten worse in the past few months. It used to be interesting when every now and then you'd hear a political remark, but now it's just annoying. I saw 'A Place In The Sun' and it was ruined by silly responses — and they're so unsophisticated! A lot of the comments are misogynistic, too."

"Thank you," I said. "May I speak to Mr. Nabokov?"

Mr. Nabokov came on the line and I asked why the films he chose for the Castro were always camp.

"They aren't," he snapped. "My first criterion for choosing films is quality. Lately we've been playing films from Hollywood in the '30s and '40s when movies tended to be romantic, exotic, and adventurous. Gays like these films, but different people come to the theatre, not just people from the neighborhood. Gays are our most appreciative and enthusiastic audience but I do find it disturbing that they tend to view the movies strictly through the spectrum of their gayness. It's too bad they don't see films more broadly. I choose films of cinematic importance. I want them to see that."

My investigation was beginning to get muddled. I talked to some fellows who go to the theatre because they want to whoop and holler. I talk to some others who hate the audience antics but go anyway because "Usually the audience is pretty tame."

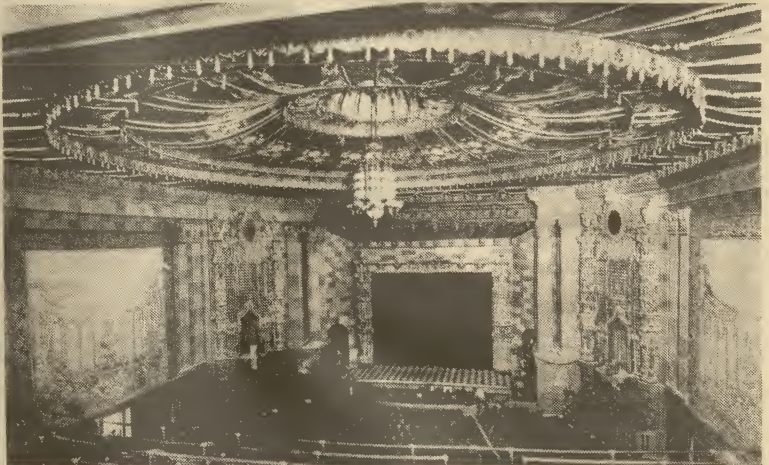
In a desperate attempt to clear up the issue I decided I'd make one last bid. On Castro the other night I spied a tall blond fellow in buckskin boots. Since I was going to approach him anyway, I figured I'd ask him about the theatre and let whatever he said decide the matter.

"What's the nature of the Castro Theatre," I asked. He looked startled, but after a moment he answered:

"I'm just visiting from Sweden. I couldn't find the ... the gay part, you know. Then I saw the sign."

Thus, by this concience I finally saw the truth about the theatre. The giant "Castro" theatre sign simultaneously symbolizes the theatre and the neighborhood — a combination of circus and sobriety.

The dinner bet with my friend is being finalized tonight. We're going dutch.



The Castro Theatre in its early heyday, with orchestra pit, festooned ceiling and tiled stage. Audiences didn't talk to the show then!



## FILM CLIPS

### A Stranger is Watching

The Audience Certainly Isn't

This is more a warning than a review. **A Stranger is Watching** is a cruddy piece of slime that is all the more deplorable because it reveals the depths to which the once grand MGM studio has sunk to make a buck. Based on a bestseller of sorts, the film is directed by one Sean Cunningham, who perpetrated **Friday the 13th** which made scandalous amounts of filthy lucre.

Using the now cliched theme of knife-happy maniac on the prowl, **Stranger** is particularly loathsome and vicious in its efforts to maintain our horror.

You might say Mulgrew gets screwed and Rip got torn and Cunningham has done to us what he probably is unable to do in his own bedroom.

(Alhambra Theatre) ■



Abusive images of women, and the abuse of terror as entertainment, condemn **A STRANGER IS WATCHING**, with Rip Torn and Kate Mulgrew.

MICHAEL LASKY

### Deathtrap

Who's Gonna Get It?

by Steve Warren

**Sleuth** opened the floodgates. With its ingenious gimmick and witty permutations thereof, it was so successful that the race was on to create a **Supersleuth**.

**Deathtrap**, still running on Broadway after more than 1700 performances, was the hands-down winner. It didn't work for me as a play, I think because it gets so caught up in its own cleverness that it stops trying to be logical and coherent. Part of **Sleuth's** appeal was that you might have figured it out but didn't. In **Deathtrap** there's no way.

The film, while it doesn't completely solve that problem, is better than the play in many ways. Screenwriter Jay Presson Allen has tidied up Ira Levin's script a bit, and

Sidney Lumet's direction is masterful, for the most part.

Michael Caine, who after all these years still seems to improve with each picture, makes the central character, a playwright who can't come up with a hit, more mellow than John Wood did on stage — though still, shall we say, excitable? This makes his wife the quirky one, and Dyan Cannon tears into the part with abandon, unleashing every mannerism she's ever used and sending it out at full strength. If you've been neutral about her acting until now, **Deathtrap** will force you to take a stand. (I've always loved her.)

I'm not going to give away the story of **Deathtrap**, which is not a whodunit? but a who's going to do what to whom, when and with what consequences? There's a Gay angle which, like everything else, is sacrificed to the twists of the plot. Suffice it to say that the

people involved show little affection, let alone passion for each other.

Christopher Reeve will surprise **Superman** fans with his performance as an aspiring playwright whose entrance thickens the plot, but Irene Worth is too eccentric for my taste as a Dutch psychic.

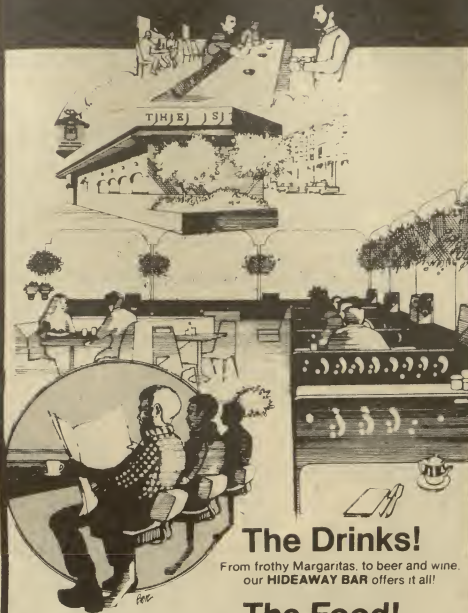
The first "act" rates four stars, but in the second the stars fall faster than the bodies. When they write **Superdeathtrap**, I don't want to see it.

(Metro Theatre) ■



Christopher Reeve's character brings a Gay angle to **DEATHTRAP**, the film which makes us wonder who's going to do what to whom, when, and with what consequences.

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(Photo by David Lamm)



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## Lesbians in Law

The Hastings Chapter of Lesbians in Law cordially invites the women of the Bay Area to attend their spring dance on Thursday, April 8, at Amelia's. It will begin at 8pm. Admission: \$2-\$5, sliding scale. Net proceeds will benefit the Lesbian Rights Project.

## Arts Editorial

# The Benefits Versus The Doubts

by George Heymont

People in Washington were shocked. Several weeks ago President and Mrs. Reagan attended a performance by the Joffrey Ballet at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. Upon entering the Presidential box they were greeted with rather vociferous booing from portions of the main floor. Perhaps the booing had to do with Reagan's blundering foreign policy. I'd be just as willing to believe it was in response to the President's policy toward support of the arts in America.

The nation's cultural leaders seem to have decided to plan for a future bereft of any assistance from Uncle Sam. Such planning demands stiff precautionary measures when confronted with White House indifference toward government subsidy of the arts past the merest acts of tokenism and a corporate world crippled by Reaganomics. Although Nancy and Ron continue to romp gloriously through the days in the Pennsylvania Avenue palace, the growing anger which has festered around the nation is beginning to appear in ugly zits of audience reaction.

What does this mean? Simply that the American population has grown disenchanted with the President's priorities. While reports circulate that Reagan has authorized some \$19 million for the CIA to begin undercover work against the Nicaraguan government, the people at home are getting hit harder under the crunch of a recession. The budget for Pentagon snacks has already outstripped the national budget for subsidized school lunches. The allocation to the National Endowment for the Arts has been stripped to one-fifth the budget for military bands. The screws will continue to turn toward a tighter position while military fat cats get fatter.

Last December Beverly Sills described the frustration arts fundraisers experience when faced with a lack of incentive coming from the very top (meaning the White House). I explained the situation we faced as San Francisco's Gay community kept hammering away at Mayor Feinstein trying to explain that there was a definite pattern of violence directed toward Gays. Only after a series of brutal, wanton murders did Feinstein finally come around and call in the press corps to announce that the Mayor would, indeed, not tolerate such assaults against any one minority. But without that push from the top the incentive for others to toe the line is nil.

Thus, an executive level dilettantism does little to create a genuine atmosphere for stimulating participation in the arts. Nancy's program to donate designer dresses she wears to museums has little to do with helping the American fashion industry. It has a lot more to do with perpetrating the legend of Nancy Reagan.

As the Reagans retreat further and further behind their jeweled little doors, their insensitivity to the need for government subsidy of the arts broadens the gap between the haves and the have nots.

Last fall a newsletter in Washington came up with a splendid suggestion. Why not reverse the order of things? Instead of bankrolling the defense budget, bankroll the arts and medicine in society. Write those big checks — but give them to someone else. Let the Pentagon start holding bake sales for nuclear submarines. Let Ronnie host a disco night to benefit the MX missile. If we turn the tables on the Reagans the shock value alone might kill them.

But without that option, arts organizations must keep exploring (quite desperately) every avenue with which to raise money. Benefits of every kind are scheduled. When the San Francisco Symphony held its press conference to announce the Black and White Ball, there was Charlotte Mailliard with her black and white pianos, black and white balloons, black cocoa beans and white mints, trying to stir up enthusiasm for a night which could easily cost people \$500 just to go dancing.

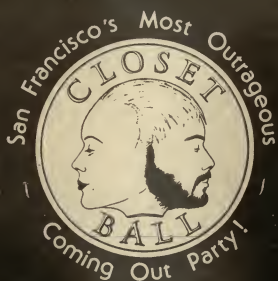
And for once even Charlotte (the penultimate fundraiser) had to field some pretty mean questions. "Do you honestly think people are going to blow that kind of money when they can't even pay their PG&E bills which just doubled?" asked one reporter. Not missing a beat, Charlotte suggested that people start putting aside \$5 a week so they could attend the Black and White Ball in April.

I cornered Charlotte at one point and took her up on her plea that all San Franciscans participate in the Black and White Ball, especially "the young people." "Why not go the whole route?" I suggested. "You could get Con Murphy to lend you one of those cute little squad cars that are painted black and white. You could fill the trunk with white mints and the carburetor with those nifty black jelly beans. Why not go to American Standard and get some of their chic urinals as a donation and fill them with licorice babies? And you know the Opera House Bar? Why not turn it into a leather bar for one night. Do you KNOW how much black leather there is in this town? I'm sure you could get General Foods to donate a case of Crisco. After all, Crisco IS white, you know!"

For a moment Charlotte almost lost it. But knowing the scope of the work ahead of her, she plowed on with her usual determination. That, alas is the problem. The arts organizers and fundraisers in this country will continue to knock their heads against the wall until their efforts to support something in which we so passionately believe kills them. Meanwhile, the Pentagon will continue to waste millions of dollars commissioning study upon study to find out whether or not a study should be done to see how money is being wasted within its halls. The evil irony of the situation boggles the mind.

In only two years the United States will quietly limp into 1984. Will Orwell's predictions come true? Will we be a nation bankrupt of culture or will Ronnie have been bounced out of the White House by an American public furious at the devastation inflicted upon them. Something has got to change. Poor Charlotte can't blow up those balloons any faster.

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## STAGE

Stage

# Berlin 1932

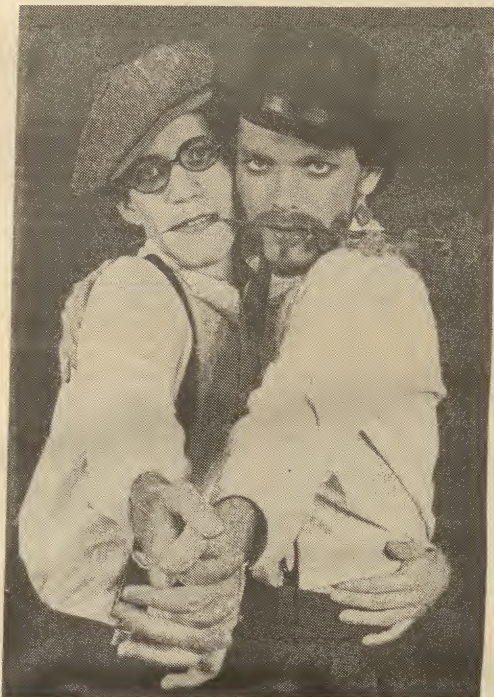
Strong Adult Show in New Theatre

by John F. Karr

Three weeks ago **Berlin 1932** was named the Outstanding Cabaret-Theater Presentation of the Year by the S.F. Council of Entertainment. The show has moved from its original house, which was pure cabaret, to a full-fledged theatre. It's playing at the Chi-Chi Club on Broadway, and has expanded both its content and performing style to admirably fill the new house. Its cabaret origins and setting are still met by the Chi-Chi's full bar service.

The show is now less an experience than a theatrical presentation, having acquired a proscenium arch, but this is disregarded frequently enough for one to buy the event as "real." And the new material — including an eye-

saccharine sweetness of Kern and Coward (in German!), just as the decadent personas of the performers are revealed as the workday pose of mothers and housewives, forced into this sort of work to earn money. Forced by who? By the people who'd pay them the money: men. The politics of the ERA are here, inherent in the material, as are questions of morals and economics. The material suggests that the rich inculcate despair (if not poverty itself) in the poor so that they'll have someone desperate enough to act in accordance with their desire. The rich end up with money and power. The oppressed are left with a disregard for humanity, forced by their need into selfishness and



A disregard for sexual propriety stamps **BERLIN 1932** as George Quick and Jae Ross taunt each other in the show at the Chi-Chi Club.

opening strip-tease by the show's choreographer, Margot Crosman — makes a second visit mandatory for those who've already liked the show.

From the first moment, when the narrator announces "The inexplicable boxing match between two men," in which one calmly knifes the other to death, you know this will not be the usual revue. Mindless entertainment is not the goal, as **Berlin 1932** frightens and fascinates with its parade of material from Germany in the 30's. Sardonic songs by Weill and Tucholsky are jarred by the

hatred of the oppressor. They end up singing Brechts, "If someone must kick, I'll be that one, and if someone's kicked, it will be you."

The entertainment value of the show is astounding and the brilliance of the material unusual. As the picture coalesces, the image is horrifying. The show is a dark, morbidly fascinating experience, and can be recommended to anyone who wants an evening heady and adult.

The show plays Sunday and Monday nights through April 18. Reservations at 392-6213. ■

## Foodsexual

Foodsexual comic Carol Roberts continues to "come out of her refrigerator" at Fanny's, each Thursday in

April. The 9:30pm show costs \$4. Her guests are Ruby Rodrigues on April 8, Karen Ripley on April 15, and Jane Dornacker on April 22.

She also performs at the

## Les Nickettes

It's Les Nickettes' 10th Anniversary bash on April 10 at Capp Street Center (362 Capp) beginning at 8pm.

Les Nickettes proudly present an all-star 10th Anniversary extravaganza featuring the Contractions, the Balthimores, and Jim Turner of Duck's Breath Mystery The-

# STILL LIFE

Quiet Apocalypse at Home

by Steve Warren

The only thing likely to stop playwrights and filmmakers from exploring the effects of Vietnam on the American psyche is the real life production of **Apocalypse Now** that Reag'n'Haig are planning (at a budget in excess of Francis Coppola's).

**Still Life**, Emily Mann's powerful play on the subject is receiving its Bay Area premiere in a strong Eureka Theatre production at Fort Mason.

Based on the playwright's interviews with a Vietnam veteran, his wife and his mistress, the play simply puts the audience in the interviewer's place, listening to three interwoven monologues. The performers rarely interact with each other, but their words often do; as assembled by Mann and spoken by a fine cast under Anthony Taccone's meticulous direction, the lines assume a rhythm that makes this the most poetical evening of theatre since **Under Milk Wood**.

The story that unfolds can be taken on many levels. Perhaps most simplistic is the age old tale of a man who shows his worst side to his wife and saves his best for his mistress. The former has endured his beatings and sees him through alcohol and drugs while the other, having taken all that from her own husband, finds the younger man refreshing as she enters middle age.

Much of the play deals with Mark's experiences in Vietnam and how he came to enjoy the power over life and death that was in his hands: "It's shootin' fireworks off, it's the Fourth of July . . . You dig it . . . The biggest thing I had to adjust to when I got home was that I didn't have my gun."

And yet, "There is the guilt," he says, sounding like **The Boy in The Fantasticks** ("There is this girl"). His combat response calmed his macho insecurities, but at too high a price: "The point is you don't have to go through it. I would break both my kid's legs before I'd let him go through it."

His wife Cheryl (What a wonderful role it would be for Sissy Spacek!) is unworldly, unable to see a situation beyond its immediate effect on her. She met Mark after he came back from Nam (He turned 21 enroute) and married him ("Drugs helped a lot. We didn't have much in common.") just before their son was born.

Nadine, the mistress, views things on a global scale ("Things are falling apart . . . How can I worry about sending my kids to special classes when it doesn't matter?"), so

much so that it's easy to lose the connection between some of her speeches and the rest of the play; but she has some wonderful things to say: "I am worried about men. They are not coming through . . . They were programmed to fuck. Now we ask them to make love and they can't do it."

Kevin Gardiner is surprisingly good as Mark. At first he seems like a model — he's too attractive, too neat and enunciates too well, even when he's carefully dropping the final "g" from a word. But he gradually dispels this feeling and makes his character so real and chilling that before the play was half over I realized I would be afraid to give him a bad review!

Abigail Booraem has a strong presence that fills in

gaps the script leaves in describing Nadine. Because the woman's energies fly outward in so many directions it takes a good actress to provide her with a core personality, which Booraem does successfully.

Lorri Holt-LeGrand plays Cheryl. If hers is the weakest of the three performances it's certainly nothing to be ashamed of (cf. Jane Fonda in **On Golden Pond**).

Without violating the play's emotional impact, Mann seems to have known exactly when to inject just enough humor to keep the audience from laughing in the wrong places.

**Still Life** is a play to see when you want a rough and relevant theatrical experience, not light escapist entertainment. As Nadine says, "Mark brought the war home and we didn't want to look at it."

It's worth a look . . . through April 25. Call 441-6842 for tickets. ■

Steve Warren

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## STAGE

# ACT Camps with Feydeau

by Paul-Francis Hartmann

It takes a bit of doing knowing you are going to a farce. It takes even more to get into the spirit of the nonsense once you're there, but when your spirit accepts it's in the world of Jiggs and Maggie (somewhere early in the second act) the corn and the bawd have their way.

In one way ACT's *The Cat Among the Pigeons* is a three-act sequence of slamming doors, dropped trousers, popping in and out of hiding places, and culminating in a full cast chase around the scenery. All of it is wrapped around a main joke, the sycophant with paralyzing bad breath. It's all as silly as one might imagine, and ACT's cast of characters goes at it full bore.

Staged against a florid set of Second Empire elegance (once again ACT designers triumph) the gorgeously costumed cast overplay and understate to their hearts' delight. The players get away with madness — from outrageous mugging to wicked asides and scandalous stage business. In total, one and all commit the highly rewardable crime of comedy. It was — simply put — dumb, but the opening night audience reveled in it.

For devotees of wild camp *Cat Among the Pigeons* fills the bill. The players and production staff exploit all the possibilities and give the silly piece a run for its money without running it into the ground.



Amidst turn of the century French luxury, Marrian Walters and Raye Birk romp in *CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS*.

## MEDLEY: Showtunes in Hopeful Revue

by Bartlett Naylor

You know all those little people who made the success of the Oscar winners possible? I met them last week. At least some of them.

No, I'm not talking here about the best boys and gaffers and all the rest who get their names in the credits and on the programs. I'm talking about the people who actually read the credits. Who memorize them. These people save the programs and bring them out at parties and talk about them. They know the stars and their real names and they know the shows they were in. They even know the understudies.

And how do they make the stars' success possible? By wanting to be stars themselves.

On their climb to the bright lights, they buy all the fan magazines. Maintain subscriptions. They buy the recordings. They have functions on the same night as the Tonies, or Oscars and cheer with more venom than Super Bowl fans.

They're not going to make it themselves, of course. Most of them know their careers have a flat future.

The group I met last week is called *Medley*. They sing Broadway show tunes. Most of their appearances are at benefits for nonprofits around town. That's okay. The stars do benefits.

The shaker-and-mover in *Medley* is Gordon Salter. He secures the engagements and does most of the talking on stage. He has an affable face with a willing smile.

His salt-and-pepper hair is parted in the middle and hangs over his ears. His taste of the big time came when he shared a stage with male actress Charles Pierce. In his publicity biography, which he wrote, he says he failed and was driven into seclusion for 13 years. "Gordon began studying voice three years ago," Salter writes, "with Edna Garabedian. But she left for Germany on vacation and never returned. His next teacher left the music profession to enter the travel agency business. He currently studies with Judy Hubbell and has his fingers crossed."

Salter knows, loves and talks Broadway. He knows the hits and the flops. Hell, he can sing title songs from some of the flops. And he does, during most performances by *Medley*. He's worried, I think, that if the general public allows these songs to die, it might spawn domino decay. The semi-popular tunes would then fade away. And even the older big hits would bite the dust. God forbid!

The musical soul of the group is pianist Hugh Trutton. During a performance before the Oceanic Society recently, Salter called him "Ten Thumbs" Trutton. I don't think that is a compliment, but it seems to fit. Trutton hits most of the right notes, but he hits some other ones as well. And he plays with considerable and consistent power.

In person, Trutton is the least pushy about his laurels. He has played for several decades, much of it in burlesque theatres. He has ac-

companied such superstars as Marguerite Piazza, Fifi d'Orsay, and Miss Tempest Storm.

And then there is William Higgs. Higgs is very young and still flush with phrases about the "warmth and special rapport" he feels working with the group. He shakes hands with two fists which is something that I bet many of the stars do. (I myself am going to check it out.)

However forthright his greeting, his talents are weak. His voice is untrained and unattractive. He adds no beauty to the Broadway hits he sings. Rather, he seems to survive them.

Patricia Craven, the lone female in the group, does have talent. She also has a nice line of credits for her relative youth, including Bernstein's *Mass*, Jesus Christ *Superstar*, and *Anything Goes*. Her voice is strong, with an even vibrato. During a rendition of "Ladies Who Lunch," a cynical ditty from Sondheim's *Company*, you can hear drama and heart and energy. A little, at least.

Their performance, in brief, is not good.

But isn't this type of reckless trashing enough to crush egos? Isn't this negativism damaging? This is all very cruel and sarcastic and harmful. If *Medley* quits clamoring for stage space, the stages will be allowed to rot into condominiums or some other money-making development, and the foundation of the star system in America would begin to fray around the edges. The economic repercussions are enormous.

But I'm not worried about *Medley*. These people know that the stars get mauled by words. Part of the business. They're not going to stop performing. On the contrary, they'll keep chugging and slugging it out.

## Automatic Pilot Soars Into Uncharted Territory

by Jerry De Gracia

Gay musicians are not uncommon in San Francisco with its wealth of musical activities and its immense gay population. But gay musicians exploring new forms of musical expression are not all that common either.

For the past two years a group of San Franciscans, working under the name of *Automatic Pilot*, have been forging a unique blend of music that incorporates a jazz/new wave fusion of sound and lyrics.

The fact that the musicians are Gay is not necessarily an integral part of the music they make but at the same time has, at least in the past, had an unavoidable influence on their creations.

A song like "Doughnut Shop Dream" which deals with the street scene after the bars have closed could only be the result of the group's desire to communicate their feeling about the Gay experience.

Unfortunately I have missed *Automatic Pilot* live, only having heard the group on tape. These show that in experimenting with various musical forms *Automatic Pilot* seems to have landed somewhere between the lyrical zaniness of Frank Zappa and the jazz/punk fusion of New York's Lounge Lizards.



*Automatic Pilot*, the eclectic fusion group, in the midst of rocking out. (Photo by Rink)

Above all, the group as instrumentalists, are excellent. The rough edges on some of their lyrics will undoubtedly be

smoothed out as they hone their songs to fit their own personal changes and the subject matter they sing about.

The most outstanding innovation by the group is their use of classical violin intertwined among basic rock sounds and outrageous vocalizing. The violin can be unexpected and at the same time soothing, levitating the listener to an emotional response to the music that is totally unexpected.

Although AP's bass player Steve Graham was hesitant to categorize the band's sound, he described it as basic rock

with a jazz connotation and a tonality that's new wave.

The lyrics in their earlier songs, he said, dealt very much with sexual preoccupation but they are reaching out in many directions with both the music and the lyrics.

"Bitter Taste", their most outstanding song to date not only defines their uniqueness, but also spotlights the group's recording and concert potential.

The eight man ensemble has appeared at Dreamland, the I-Beam, the Kabuki, the Palms and other Bay Area locations during the past year.

All their music and lyrics have been originally composed by members of the group for their instrumentation of acoustic violin and string bass, sax/flute, keyboard, drums and vocals.

Their repertoire includes such songs as "Prelude to a Quaalude," "Killer Purses," "Sit On My Face," "Doughnut Shop Dream," and "Bitter Taste".

The diversity of the group is impressive because of their high degree of craftsmanship and other musical groups or organizations.

Group members are Karl Brown on keyboards, Matthew McQueen, lead singer and lyricist, John Orlando on drums, Tom Gschwind on violin and vocals. Other members are Steve Graham on bass, Tony Kramedass, the band's tenor specialist and John Selby on alto and soprano saxophones and flute.

The band's extensive musical background includes involvement in the Gay Men's Chorus, the Gay Freedom Day Marching Band, Pure Trash, Varsity Drag, Chamber Singers and various symphony orchestras.

*Automatic Pilot* will be appearing in the Gay Men's Chorus "Fabulous Follies of 1982" April 16 and 17 and have scheduled an appearance at the On Broadway during May.

## Africa Today

The Atherton Hotel (685 Ellis) invites you to meet photographer Donald Pate at the champagne and hors d'oeuvres reception for his show, *Africa Today*, at 2pm on April 4.

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## CABARET CORNUCOPIA

### Ruth Hastings: Powerful Program, Strong Return

JOHN F. KARR

Ruth Hastings made a rather triumphant return last week, and if her performance itself was not up to the standards she had displayed previously, the audience didn't mind. Everyone was pleased that she was back in our midst again.

Ruth shone in a strapless red silk evening gown. Bright as it was, it didn't effuse as much as Ruth, whose nervousness was extreme. If not nervous, she was simply in poor voice, despite a warm-up engagement in Atlanta. Phrase endings were unsupported, her vibrato was wide, and there was much scooping, all symptomatic of nerves. After a few performances, and without every single one of her closest friends (plus critics) in the audience, I'm confident she'll warm up to her usual standard.

Standards for song choice were unusually high, with the exception of a good but overly long World War II medley. Her Kurt Weill section was particularly choice, with Barry Lloyd's spectral and harmonically daring arrangement of "Speak Low" standing out. The rarely heard "That's Him," with an Ira Gershwin lyric, is enough to earn Ruth a medal for service beyond the

call of duty. An especial high point was a new song by Craig Jessup, who has made a habit of writing excellent, exciting tunes. The new one is "Doesn't Much Matter At All." In the style of a Maltby-Shire tune, it made me anxious for Mr. Jessup to produce songs more frequently. The scope of Ruth's performing style still provokes Jessup to overreach his grasp as a performer. He's much more entertaining on lighter tunes, and does himself a disservice by trying to perform on Ruth's concert level.

Ruth also included the new hit "Memory." The picture of this glamorous, gowned woman portraying such wretched sorrow was wrenching. One is powerless to resist the force of Ruth's voice and personality at moments like this.

#### COMING UP

Martha Schlamme at the Great American Music Hall, Monday, April 5. An article about Ms. Schlamme appears in this issue.

Weslia Whitfield at Our Kitchen, Saturday, April 3, 9:30 & 11 pm.

Judith Corber and George Quick at Our Kitchen, tonight (April 1) and April 15 & 21 at 9:30 pm.

## THE BONGOS: TONEDEAF TONEDEAF TONE

### The Bongos: Drums Along The Hudson

JERRY DE GRACIA



Rickie Lee Jones performs at the Berkeley Community Theatre on Sunday, April 11, at 8 pm. Tickets at BASS.

It is not surprising that young American bands begin their careers in England — there is a mutual fascination by American and European audiences for each other's musicians.

The Bongos, an American band who hail from Hoboken, New Jersey, are an example of one of those bands who first hit the charts in England and then moved back across the Atlantic where they have done fairly well on the new music scene.

Their new album *Drums Along The Hudson* contains fifteen of the most danceable songs I have heard on any album lately and although they are mini-songs comparable to most seemingly endless disco mixes they are artfully worked within tight structures.

Although they have released a number of singles which have done well including "Telephoto Lens/Glow In The Dark", "The Bulrushes/Automatic Doors" and "In The Congo/Mambo Sun", "Mambo Sun" is undoubtedly the most seductive tune on the album.

The Bongos, who appeared locally in 1981, have a unique sound that is hard to pinpoint but is somewhat reminiscent of Bush Tetras, the young, excellent New York band that released such singles as "Das Ah Riot" and "Cowboys In Africa" and had a successful appearance at the I-Beam last year. The fact that the two bands are closely aligned and have toured together in Europe may explain their similar sound.

#### Snakefinger/Norman Salant

Working any local club scene can be difficult — either you don't get enough work or you suffer from overexposure. Saxophone player Norman Salant obviously doesn't have the first problem since he will be the opening act for Snakefinger at the I-Beam April 5 and for the Trocadero show April 6. His musical style is a somewhat upbeat jazz punk orientation.

SEEING IS BELIEVING! Local recording artist Jeannie Tracy is appearing in "Street Dreams" at the Spaghetti Factory in which she plays a hooker complete with tight black spandex pants which she is poured into before each performance. While Jeannie is a charming person she is not svelte and it comes as no surprise that Sylvester was heard to say "Girl, you really work those pants". I have to agree and while we're at it let's hear it for the International Ladies Garment Workers and remember to look for the Union label. Catch the show before it closes, April 5.

#### Hot Salsa

The Trocadero Transfer will present Caesar's Latin All Stars Tuesday, April 6 in an effort to offer a wider variety of live entertainment for their Tuesday night live shows.

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## Cornerstone Cabaret Benefit

The second Cornerstone Cabaret Benefit to be held at Trinity Place on Monday, April 5, was announced this week by Gene Price, producer of the show.

The gala evening will be co-hosted by Terry Hutchinson and Lynn Brown, well-known San Francisco entertainers. They will be joined by a number of other local performers, including Joan Edgar, Tom Anderson, Paul Ferris, Richard Roemer, Lori Shannon, Robert Bendorff, Lynda Bergren, Gail Wilson, and "Berlin 1932".

"With such outstanding performers, including several recipients of current Gold Awards, the show promises to be very exciting and entertaining," said Price, who also produced Cornerstone's very successful cabaret show last September. "And we are grateful that such talented performers give of their time and efforts to make this benefit a success."

The show benefits the Foundation Cornerstone, Inc., a non-profit organization concerned with protecting individual rights and freedoms. According to Bruce Decker, Cornerstone's board chairman, "Much needs to be done to alert the public and our governmental officials on all levels regarding the threats to our individual liberties and freedoms. Cornerstone's efforts in this regard are growing through such means as a newsletter which will be sent to all media and Cornerstone members."

The show will start at 6 p.m. on Monday, April 5, at Trinity Place (between Sutter and Bush Streets just off Montgomery). Tickets are \$5 in advance and \$7 at the door, and may be purchased in advance at Trinity Place. The full ticket price and all contributions to Cornerstone is fully deductible for tax purposes. For further information, call 474-0185.



Dancer Bob Murphy performs his solo pieces, collectively entitled *Continuum*, April 1, 2, 3, 8:30 pm at the Sundance Studio, Room 202, 301 Eighth Street at Folsom. Informal seating, \$5 tickets at the door.

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Robin Kay, Director of the San Francisco Lesbian & Gay Men's Community Chorus, acknowledges the strong audience approval as the Chorus prepares to sing a sequence of popular tunes at last week's concert. Phil Campbell, the B.A.R.'s classical music writer, will report on the concert next week. (Photo by Rink)

## Lesbian Singers

The San Francisco Lesbian & Gay Men's Community Chorus invites women to join us singing "together in harmony." We are now expanding our membership from 120 to 140 members. We have immediate openings for both sopranos and altos. Rehearsal schedule is weekly from April 14 to June 23 with a concert on June 25. Repertoire: light classical and American pops.

Our program for Spring '83 will be music exclusively by women composers and/or lyricists, including Amy Beach's Mass. Also in '83 we will be premiering two short, original compositions — one by a Lesbian woman and one by a Gay man. Fall '82 includes works by Liszt, Faure and Debussy.

No musical training is required, admission is by audition, and women with musical background are encouraged to come.

To audition, or for further information, call Robin Kay, conductor, at 864-0326. Rehearsals are 7pm every Wednesday at All Saints' Episcopal Church, 1350 Waller St., San Francisco, wheelchair accessible. Visitors are encouraged and welcomed.

## Rhino Coward

Theatre Rhinoceros is pleased to announce the opening of Noel Coward's **Design for Living** on Thursday, April 8, at 8:00 and continuing Thursdays through Sundays at 8pm through May 8, with a 2:00 matinee on Sunday, April 25.

Written in 1932, **Design for Living** is a departure from the Gay ensemble's contemporary repertoire. "This is my first opportunity to work with a play by Coward," says director J. Kevin Hanlon. "Coward's world is one of wit, charm, and style above all. Written in the midst of the last great depression, I suspect **Design for Living** is how we all would love to live our lives."

Featured in the cast are Maggi Sutherland, Thomas-Mark, Gerald Duff, Marsha Bloom, Duane Cropper, Ron Hardesty, Valentine Hooven, Daria M. Janese, and Steev'n Lloyd.

## The Gay Life

**The Gay Life** (KSAN, 95 FM, 11pm) presents on April 4 "Gay and Jewish Liberation." Officers of Congregation Sha'ar Zahav, San Francisco's Gay synagogue, discuss Passover as a festival of liberation with a message for modern women and men.

## Star Clones Sought

**A Day in Hollywood** is a musical spoof of Tinseltown in the 30's: **A Night in the Ukraine** is in the genre of the Marx Brothers' "Nights" and "Days" film classics. In keeping with the nostalgic quality of this production, celebrity look-alikes, representing stars from the 30's and 40's, are invited to participate in the opening night festivities. An audition for the impersonators will be held on Wednesday, April 7, 10 to 6 in the lobby of the Curran Theatre.

Dead ringers for Groucho, Harpo, or Chico Marx, Dracula, Marlene Dietrich, Shirley Temple, Charlie Chaplin, Mae West, W.C. Fields, Laurel or Hardy, Dorothy from **The Wizard of Oz**, or any other classic movie star from the 30's or 40's should call 775-0307 to schedule an audition appointment. Auditions will be scheduled through Tuesday, April 6.

Not surprisingly, those deep growling voices belonging to Jerome Hines and Matteo Manuguerra monopolized the performance. As Sparafucile, Hines revealed a youthful resonance in his voice which hides its years. He is singing better than many others half his age and can still fill the huge auditorium with a marvelous sonority. Manuguerra's Rigoletto is an intensely rich portrayal of Verdi's tragic jester. The production (designed by Tanya Moiseiwitch) remains tight, making excellent use of the Met's turntable and the highly stylized setting.

## TALES OF TESSI TURA

### A Hard Man is Good to Find

GEORGE HEYMONT

At a recent meeting of the Gay and Lesbian Writers' Network, a deep-voiced Black man growled, "I want to write about **masculine**, hard men. I'm a misogynist and I'm proud of it. I'm a woman-hater, even though there are some things you can't say these days. I want to write about men and men only." After a tense pause someone snickered and said, "Well, then, you might try writing on top of leather." Some of us are less concerned with finding the ultimate in macho symbolism than we are with finding anything that can walk, talk, and get it up.

If you think Gay men go to extremes to nab a trick, you should see what some operatic heroines will do to get laid. Heroic sacrifice in the name of love takes on ridiculous proportions as these dames get knocked up, sliced in half, throw themselves over castle walls, or pine away with delusions of romance.

#### DUMB VIRGIN BECOMES BAG LADY

One of the more insistent birdbrains in the operatic repertoire is Gilda, the hunchback's daughter. After one presumably mediocre fuck, she'd rather get killed than have an arrogant stud bite the dust. So much for consciousness-raising in Mantua!

Earlier in the season the Met mounted Verdi's **Rigoletto** in a curious performance which featured Judith Blegen as the insipid Gilda. While Blegen's vocal talents might seem well-suited to the role, she ended up forcing quite a bit and offering a rather bland, mechanical performance. To no one's surprise, Isola Jones' Maddalena was a stronger, more interesting characterization (both vocally and dramatically). Juan Lloveras' Duke of Mantua was adequate (though hardly a villainous portrayal).

Not surprisingly, those deep growling voices belonging to Jerome Hines and Matteo Manuguerra monopolized the performance. As Sparafucile, Hines revealed a youthful resonance in his voice which hides its years. He is singing better than many others half his age and can still fill the huge auditorium with a marvelous sonority. Manuguerra's Rigoletto is an intensely rich portrayal of Verdi's tragic jester. The production (designed by Tanya Moiseiwitch) remains tight, making excellent use of the Met's turntable and the highly stylized setting.

#### PRIMA DONNA CONFRONTS STREET TRASH

Stylization did little to help Chicago's production of **Ariadne auf Naxos** which limped through the evening, unable to get itself back on course. Although conductor Marek Janowski worked hard to make Strauss' chamber opera glow, his efforts were

lost in the huge depths of the Lyric Opera House. The performance was especially scratchy onstage where the cast seemed uniformly directed, but without fire in what should be a taut and delightful show.

My main interest in seeing the production was to catch Leonie Rysanek as the Prima Donna. Long a fan of Rysanek's, I had never seen her in a comic role. An essentially earthy woman, she has an easy comedic gift and (in the few chances given her) seemed a natural for the part. Vocally, however, she was not in good voice, swooping all through the music and occasionally suffering lapses of pitch and attack which turned some phrases into the kind of kamikaze approaches one experiences when flying tiny commuter airlines.

Even Yvonne Minton's performance as the Composer was lacking the necessary sparkle which should make the character breathe passionately with inspiration. William Johns' Bacchus was serviceable and wooden. By the second act, as Ariadne lay thrashing around the rocks, waiting for Prince Charming to come and take her away from it all (I can sympathize with that one...) the evening was sinking into a rocky sunset.

This only underlines the precipitous hazards of romantic indulgence. Need one pine away in desolation when there's a fresh trick on each corner? Need love be noble and tragic when it can be fun and practical? Ruth Welting's Zerbinetta provided the necessary leavening. Vocally secure, and bouncing right through the proceedings, Welting gave Ariadne some firm instruction in a code of ethics known to many Gay men: Just get the job done and keep going. "After all, a man is only a man, and

(Continued on Page 45)



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"Just go out there and dance rings around the stuffy old bitch." The Dancing Master (John Fryatt) tells Zerbinetta (Ruth Welting) how to handle a prima donna in the Lyric Opera of Chicago's production of **ARIADNE AUF NAXOS**.



## WANDER LUST

### Valley of the Queens

A. MARC LEVENTHAL

The second morning, while still docked in Luxor, we walked to the nearby pier to cross the Nile by motorlaunch to the Western Bank to visit the Necropolis of Thebes. Burial sites were always located on the west bank where the sun set. Here is the Valley of the Kings where the most important tombs include Tut (THE Tut), Seti I, Ramses III, VI, IX, Horemheb, and Thutmose III. We stopped at the Valley of the Queens for the tomb of Queen Nefertari, wife of Ramses II, and Queen Tyti.

Impressive at almost all ancient sites is the brightness of the colors of wall, ceiling, and column decorations. Flash photography is not always permitted since it damages the paintings.

On our way back to the ferry boat, we paused briefly at the Colossi of Memnon, two colossal seated statues of Amenophis III. The temple in front of which they stood has disappeared. Even in antiquity, these statues were famed. Hopefully some natives will be standing in the shade of the 60' tall colossi, so that your photos will emphasize their height.

After a brief sail, we disembarked to visit Abydos and Dendera. Even here in these beautiful remote temples, one can easily encounter a friendly Egyptian. I loved being approached by a young artist, Emad, who wanted me to return on my own to visit him in his nearby village. The next to last evening we spent at a costume party during which we wore our galabiyahs or whatever costume. I have some very nice prizes for my disguise as The Mayor of Edfu.

Our last stop on the cruise before alighting at Aswan was a visit to the Ptolemaic Temple of Kom Ombo along the river bank. Up early the last day of the cruise in order to experience going through the locks to pass on up the Nile to Aswan. It's a fascinating experience. Disembarking at Aswan after lunch, we bid fond farewell to our most pleasurable and exciting cruise up the Nile.

But our touring of upper Egypt isn't over yet. We boarded the bus which took us to the airport for our flight to Abu Simbel. The airport is famed (or should I say infamous) for its chaotic crush

for seats. A group of French tourists were by far the worst in pushing and shoving to try to get on the Egyptair flight. But everyone got on, and it really didn't matter which side you sat on since the plane circled the great site so that both sides could see.

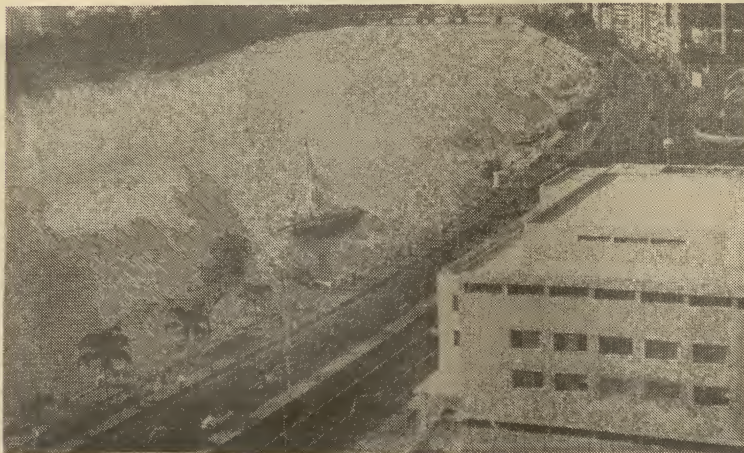
The huge rock-cut temple complex is located on the Western Bank of the Nile, 168 miles south of Aswan. The Temple of Abu Simbel is the most colossal of all the temples of Egypt and is marvelously preserved. Carved out of the side of the sandstone rock cliff, it was designed to that the rising sun penetrates the innermost sanctuary on the solstices. Ramses II constructed them more than 3000 years ago, dedicating the Great Temple to the Sun God RA, while the second smaller temple is dedicated to the Goddess Hathor and built for his wife, Queen Nefertari. During the mid 1960's the rising waters of Lake Nasser created by the High Dam at Aswan threatened the ancient monument. A rescue scheme was organized and the monuments were incredibly moved 600' from their original carving and raised an additional 210'. The monument was cut into pieces of 20 to 30 tons and transported piece by piece to its new site where the 20,000 tons were reassembled according to its original plan. The natural mountain has been replaced by a huge dome of concrete which was then covered by rock rubble to give the site its original appearance. The astonishing interior of the dome and the supporting devices are as fascinating as the temple exteriors. The sun now shines on the sacred statues in the inner chamber only one day off the original calculations. The Facade of the Great Temple was also seen in **Death on the Nile** but its size and power can best be grasped by seeing it in person. It is definitely worth the side trip from Aswan.

Back in Aswan, we visited many places of interest. Gays will probably enjoy cruising at the famed Cataract Hotel and its Gardens. Day or evening. Spartacus Gay Guide also lists the Happy Hotel, but I had no time to check it out. We were rushed to get back to the airport in time for our flight back to Cairo.

But we did make time to visit the Granite Quarries where the unfinished obelisk lies which is 137' long — stopped in the middle of preparation for placement at Hatshepsut's temple in Karnak. It was rather exciting to be able to climb all over the obelisk. There are many other attractions in Aswan to visit: the High Dam (can't be crossed once the sun goes down), Elephantine Island, and the Agha Khan Mausoleum.

Touring Egypt by cruising is a lifetime experience. The cruise/tour for GAYS is scheduled for Christmastime, 1982, with TrendSetters Travel Guild. Cruising the Nile will be on board a PRIVATE river boat, and specially designed touring of temples, towns, and monuments is planned by Trinity Harrison for his GAY TrendSetters dream vacation. In addition to Cairo and the Nile, members of The Gift of The Nile tour will visit the fabulous resort of Hurgada, the best place on the Red Sea for scuba diving. The waters around the off-shore islands are so clear that the bottom of the sea is visible at a depth of 60 feet and they team with a fantastic variety of fish and coral. Swimming here is pleasant and safe. For further information about TrendSetters Travel Guild, their GAY Egypt tour (and other 1982 travel experiences for GAYS) contact me or call Trinity Harrison at 777-5794, or write him at P.O. Box 77234, San Francisco 94107.

If you can't go next Christmas, you might prefer one of a couple two week tours and cruises scheduled for the summer that include ten days on the Nile. These are not Gay tours. The tour on July 26 uses the Sheraton "Aton" floating hotel which will start from Cairo and cruise up the Nile to Melawi, Esna, Asyut, Dendera, Luxor, Edfu, Kom Ombo, and Aswan. An additional four days are spent touring the Holy Land — Jerusalem, Jericho, the Dead Sea, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Capernum. The tour departing August 9, 1982, allows four days in Cairo prior to the ten days on the Nile. A detailed flyer on these summer cruises is also available from me at my office, World Travel Arrangers, 312 Kearny, San Francisco 94108. ■



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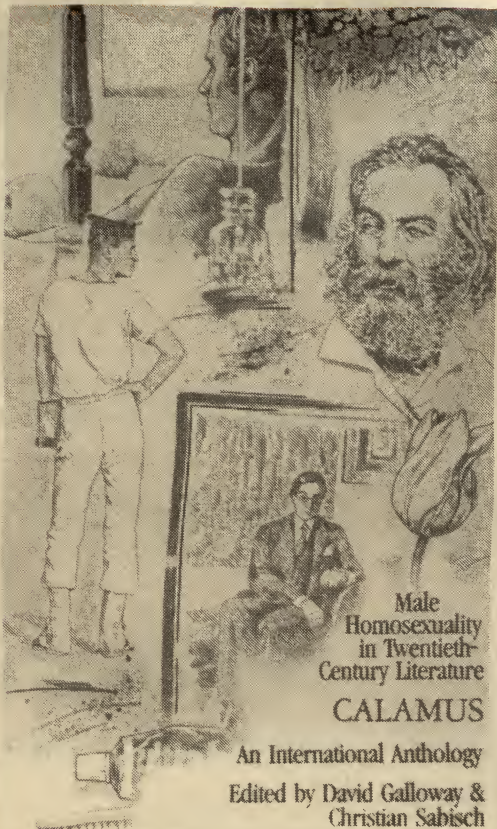
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# Gay and Entertainment



## CALAMUS: Rich Collection of Gay Literature

**Calamus: Male Homosexuality In 20th Century Literature — An International Anthology**

Edited by David Galloway & Christian Sabisch  
William Morrow & Co.  
Hardbound \$16.50 - Paperback \$9.95

"One thing remains certain: the homosexual sensibility has made a vital contribution to the arts, despite the efforts of prudery, religious dogmatism, and official censorship to mask those achievements... Male homosexuality has an ancient and accomplished literary tradition which is gradually being redeemed from centuries of suppression and outright falsification."

Oh what a joy it is to dip, in a nice lazy fashion, into an omnibus of stories from around the globe. But the task of compiling such a tome is fraught with danger of its own. The selection process is highly personal and biased regardless of the qualifications of the person who selects. The toes of some highly opinioned readers are bound to be stepped on. The coverage is too broad or too narrow, too modern or historic, they will say. John Rechy, writing in the *Los Angeles Times* Book Review, complained loudly that *Calamus* slighted Gay writers from the 1960's and 1970's and that the tales from the more traditional writers like Hemingway and Isherwood, were not truly representative of their best work. Other critics were disappointed that the many English and American works included had appeared in previous anthologies.

Nevertheless, Galloway and Sabisch have gathered

together a group of authors and plots that will delight many readers. The really singular contribution made is the inclusion of writers from Japan, Argentina, Holland, France, Germany, Romania, Greece, Sweden, Austria, Poland, Italy, and Brazil. I sampled three of the foreign stories and they were about transvestites. We assume this is not a trend but merely accidental, not that we mind tales about those who dress as the opposite sex. But "Omni-gata," written in 1966 by Yukio Mishima, is worth considering. Mangiku works as a male actress in Kabuki theatre and feels comfortable in living as a female even in private life. But no stigma is attached to this in Oriental cultures and Mishima provides us with rare insights into an exotic life style.

Some of the old standbys are represented such as "The Prussian Officer" by D.H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson's "Hands," and Jean

## Gay Mythology Today

### An Asian Minor: The True Story of Ganymede

By Felice Picano  
Sea Horse Press - \$6.95 - Paper

"... 'I've decided to spend some time during my break up here on Olympus to tell you what really happened some 4,000 years ago...'"

Ganymede is notable in Greek mythology as the Trojan youth who was carried away by the Gods to serve as their cup bearer. The legend has always been surrounded by a haze of homoeroticism that has delighted certain readers through the ages.

"Ganymede" trendy or traditional?

Felice Picano, familiar to many of us as the talented writer who gave us *Late In The Season* and *The Lure*, has attempted to translate this ancient epic into modern idiom with a certain degree of success.

Ganymede is the son of King Troas of Troy, who has sired many offspring. But Ganymede discovers as he

enters puberty that he is a beautiful youth and that others are quite aware of his attractive body. Men make passes on occasion and this causes problems. His father, the King, exiles Ganymede on occasion to outlying areas so that he will not get into further trouble. Finally the Gods themselves begin to notice him and the complications really begin.

Picano's novella possesses a peculiar charm, but he yields to an attack of playing, cute at times and overwhelms us with his slang attempts to make Ganymede trendy. For example, the tale is related in the first person by Ganymede, who explains that "Achilles was also a good looking guy, with a real doll for a lover, Patroclus." By dressing his characters in a

modern frame of reference, Picano can come close to destroying the traditional flavor of the original plot. We almost get the sensation of Mary Renault writing the life of Christ as rendered in the popular style of Erich Segal's *Love Story*. The total effect is not always convincing.

But in spite of the problems in updating *An Asian Minor*, many Gay readers will find the Ganymede a winning and romantic fellow we would love to encounter if we were living in those far off times. ■  
Frank J. Howell

## The Battle for the Family

By Rev. Tim La Haye  
Fleming H. Revell - \$9.95

Dr. Tim La Haye writes in an almost comic style about the great moral menace, humanism. He sees the enemy in every corner.

He has devoted another book entirely to the Gay "menace" — *What Everyone Should Know About Homosexuality*.

Dr. La Haye holds a Doctor of Ministry degree from Western Conservative Baptist Seminary. His writing is simple minded in the extreme and he obviously feels all the answers to life's problems can be located in "The Family."

Frank J. Howell

## Young Gay Love in New England

### Reflections of A Rock Lobster: A Story About Growing Up Gay

by Aaron Fricke

Alyson Publishing Company - \$4.95 - Paper  
Box 2783, Boston, MA 02208

"My school life was becoming lonelier. Most of my former friends ignored me... Would relationships always be this way for me? Would I never be able to share my thoughts with anyone?"

"It is better to be hated for what one is than loved for what one is not."

We all have distinct memories of growing up as a non-straight adolescent. Strange feelings began to magnify. Am I the only one? Will anybody find out? We ransacked libraries and newsstands for an inkling or shred of information about ourselves.

During my teen years in the small town where I matured in the quaint 1950's, *Sexology Magazine* was the only available source. It was cheap and tacky, but like a gleaming Mt. Everest, it was there. I secretly bought it at the local tobacco shop. But I wanted to know more. I attempted to correspond with the editors of *Sexology* and the local postmaster intercepted the letter and I was called into his office. This provincial arbitrator of smug morality informed me he would not allow the infamous letter to proceed on its wicked course. He further informed me in a self-righteous tone of voice that a crack-down on all such trash was underway and that the days of *Sexology* and similar publications were numbered. The only wise course open to me, he piously opined, was to consult the wise family physi-

cian. Knowing the middle class game all too well, I obediently thanked the gentleman and passively crawled out the post office door. Once out of sight I immediately retired to the tobacco shop and purchased the new issue of *Sexology*. I was horny and unbowed.

Gay readers who are either adult or younger will relish identifying with Aaron and his tribulations connected with attending school where his macho fellow students went out of their way to make his rites of passage as horrendous as possible. Parents and siblings were no help either.

After experiencing all these joys and trials Aaron met Paul, who was into Gay lib with a vengeance. From this time forward he gradually discovered a network of love and support.

Aaron and Paul made history recently when they attended their senior prom as a Gay couple. Much publicity and controversy attended the event and their appearance on "The Phil Donahue Show" followed. All these events are

Cocoteau's "The White Paper." Poetry can be found occasionally, the best probably being Frederico Garcia Lorca's "Ode to Walt Whitman."

Two of the American stories caught my eye. "The Boy in the Basement" (a short play, actually) by William Inge first appeared in 1950 and is grounded in the typical Freudian interpretations of same sex love. A Gay man in his late forties lives with his parents and is heavily dominated by his mother. She learns of his Gay disposition and this leads to an explosive confrontation between them. The plot may seem dated to some of us now, but the impact still packs a memorable punch.

The sexual tensions that surface between men in the Armed Forces during World War II are delicately uncovered by Lonnie Coleman in "The Theban Warriors." A new sailor named Montgomery arrives aboard a ship that is sailing for Africa. He gradually moves in on another sailor who considers himself straight. Coleman gives a sharp and accurate portrait of how men are forced into the macho mold of cold conformity. But Montgomery finally gets his man.

Even a well read Gay will not feel culturally deprived by skimming *Calamus*. Other astute historians of male love include E.M. Forster, Jean Genet, William S. Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, and LeRoi Jones.

Galloway and Sabisch have also provided a scholarly and encouraging introduction to the collection.

Let us hope we can look forward to a *Calamus* Volume Two and perhaps even a Volume Three. ■  
Frank J. Howell



# Book Spring Wrap-Up

## Book Notes

by Frank J. Howell

Two small books of poetry have just emerged from the small Gay presses. One is *From the Diary of Peter Doyle and Other Poems* by John Gill (Alembic Press, 1424 Stanley Press, Plainfield, Indiana 46168) \$9.95 hardbound and \$450 softbound. The other is *The Tenderness of the Wolves* by Dennis Cooper, a West Coast writer. This volume also includes a chilling short story about a man who murders young teenage boys. (The Crossing Press, Trumansburg, New York 14886 - \$4.95).

Alyson Publications have announced that they will begin to reprint Gay classic novels of the past this year. Starting in March they will make available a reprint of *Quatrefoil* by James Barr. This daring epic was first published in 1950. We will watch this new series with great interest.

*Rocking the Cradle* will be published this Mother's Day by Alyson Publications. Interested readers can find it in bookstores, or may order it by mail for \$5.95 plus 75 cents postage from Alyson Publications, PO Box 2783, Boston, Mass. 02208. A review in the B.A.R. will follow publication.

## Listen, America!

By Rev. Jerry Falwell  
Bantam - \$3.50

"History proves that homosexuality reaches a pandemic level in societies in crisis or in a state of collapse."

This paperback provides the best example of Falwell's thought and is the most widely read. He covers all the bases — the family, television, music. He concludes with a "biblical plan of action" in which he attacks five specific "sins" — abortion, homosexuality, pornography, humanism, and the "fractured family." He presents a series of demands to be presented to Congress.

Like it or not, he appeals to millions of confused and ill-informed Americans who want a quick fix for all our problems.

Frank J. Howell

related in loving detail.

Aaron and Paul have survived their formative years intact. "Reflections of A Rock Lobster" is an uplifting joy to read. It should be distributed to all high school English classes before the Moral Majority crashes the door. An uplifting, divinely inspired tolerance might set in.

It is amazing that a young man can write as effectively as Aaron does. At his time of life many Americans specialize in being inarticulate.

Incidentally, *Sexology* is still with us. I flush a haughty, knowing smile whenever I spot it.

Frank J. Howell

## The Naked Crisp Returns

### How To Become A Virgin

By Quentin Crisp

St. Martin's Press - \$9.95

"Just because full time homosexuals are on the outside of certain experiences — just because they stand with their cold noses pressed against the window pane gazing through it at the carpet-slipper-set-up — they should not suppose that everything by the fireside is permanent, peaceful. The terrible truth is that people on the inside are trying to get out."

Surely Quentin Crisp can safely be regarded as the Grandma Moses of the Gay movement. After more than fifty years of painful noname he grew into an overnight sensation with his autobiography, *The Naked Civil Servant*.

Many Gays, especially those of the aggressive activist school, regard him with disdain as a helpless old aunty. He is certainly more highly regarded in this country than his native England. Perhaps he deserves attention as a campy curiosity unique unto himself.

Since his leap into fame and a certain amount of fortune, we have wondered how dear Quentin has survived the limelight.

In this continuation of his autobiography, he relates meeting actor John Hurt, who portrayed Crisp in the television version of *The Naked Civil Servant*, his experiences in performing before live audiences (*An Evening With Quentin Crisp*) and his impressions of both Australia and America.

Crisp has a multitude of opinions about living. He seems to turn life upside down and inquire, "Can you accept me on my terms? Are you ready for me?"

All his life Crisp has lived in

poverty and dressed like a bargain basement Oscar Wilde. He has been beaten several times but always survived. His style of high drag has triumphed. Quentin is frequently wine and dined by the famous and is quoted on how to cultivate a life that is different. He is delightful to digest. Samples follow:

"If I were asked to describe the difference between the sexes in the Gay world, I would say that the men wanted to be amused; the girls sought vindication."

"We have not moved into a permissive society; the young are just as stuffy in their own way as adults. We are merely stuck with an out-spoken society."

"I urgently feel that, if Gay people want to be happy, they must vacate their secret world; they must stop frightening not only the horses but also their riders. They must recognize that it is in the very nature of integration that you cannot fight for it. You can only wait."

Crisp may not be everyone's cup of English tea, but his style is easy and inviting. He provides light reading for any dull and stuffy night. His appeal transcends Gayness.

Frank J. Howell

## Star Homes

### Dream Palaces: Hollywood at Home

By Charles Lockwood  
Viking Press - \$19.95

"Some stars and studio executives, like *nouveaux riches* everywhere, did try to emulate social respectability by building California approximations of centuries-old Italian palazzos, secluded Spanish villas, or half-timbered Elizabethan country houses. But architectural purity was not an important consideration in Los Angeles at the time. Nor has it ever been. What really mattered in the 1920's was to achieve a romantic, faraway look, and most architects freely mixed different national, historic, and aesthetic styles on the same house to picturesque, often baffling effect."

For years many film fans have wondered what the lavish homes of the old time stars were like. Charles Lockwood, a long time student of architecture and a frequent contributor to *Architectural Digest*, has really done his homework and provided us with a generously illustrated glimpse at how our Hollywood heroes of the past lived and played.

Here we find Rudolph Valentino's Falcon Lair, Mary Pickford's Pickfair, and even Joan Crawford's house where the "Mommie Dearest" episodes unfolded. All the big

names are here including Harold Lloyd, Will Rogers, Marion Davies, and John Barrymore.

Lockwood also provides a detailed chronicle about the rise of Hollywood as a town when it was founded in 1887 by Horace and Daeide Wilcox. They were prohibitionists and hard rock Methodists who hoped that Hollywood might serve as a shining example of how Christians could live.

This treasure is worth it for the rarely seen photos alone.

Frank J. Howell



## Gay Fiction From England

### Cracks In The Image: Stories By Gay Men

Gay Men's Press - \$5.50 - Paper

Flatiron Book Distributors

175 5th Ave., Suite 814, New York, NY 10010

It is so nice to read through sixteen stories written mostly by our Gay brothers from England. We need to savor another setting, another viewpoint.

The majority of the tales told here are of fairly good quality, a few are outstanding. Then there are two or three that make no sense at all. Eight of the sixteen selections stand out.

"Becalmed" examines the relationship between a white man and an Australian aborigine with tenderness and warmth.

"Men and Mr. Mandel" introduces us to a straight man telling a social worker about an old Gay man for whom he feels concern.

"Coda" relates how a heterosexual woman faces the fact that she has married a Gay man who will never change.

"Correspondence" tells us what happens when two men become lovers and one writes the other strange letters that threaten the entire arrangement.

"Alone in the House" — a small boy sits at home waiting for his mother to return. A chilling tale.

"Blind Date" — Two tricks meet and go to the home of one of them. They try to seduce each other. A surprise ending.

"Switchboard" — A volunteer worker on a switchboard receives the one call of his life that he will never forget. Another surprise ending.

"Door Into The Rose Garden" — Nick is a Gay activist on a picket line. He can find no satisfaction in life. He finally meets a special friend.

All in all, this is a worthy collection of stories, some of which you will not forget.

Frank J. Howell

## I-Hand Reading

### Tomcat

By Thom Racina  
Ace Books - \$2.95

This lusty saga is hardly worthy even skimming through. Tom is a real tomcat, all right. He loves all the men or women he can get his hands on. We can be rather doubtful if real life is like this. The sex scenes, however, can be arresting if read with one trembling hand only. Tom apparently loves Chloe, Rachel and Mitch. He also loves cats. We can't be sure in what order. Little redeeming social importance here, as the Supreme Court would say.

Frank J. Howell



# SPORTS SECTION

Gay Softball League

## World Series Comes Home

by Chuck Smith  
World Series  
Committee Chair

The Gay Softball World Series returns this year to its birthplace, having grown from a two-team tournament (San Francisco vs. New York) to an 11-team extravaganza. Cities from all over North America will be arriving in late August to participate in this, the 6th Annual World Series of Gay Softball.

The Series began here in 1977 with San Francisco challenging New York to a softball duel. Both teams were champions in their respective leagues and met here in a shootout for the title. That contest, in which San Francisco emerged victorious, was destined to be only the first of many to come.

With the addition of several other cities to the tournament in subsequent years, the contest truly became a World Series, especially with the entrance of Toronto in 1979. Those leagues participating this year will be San Francisco, New York, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Toronto, Chicago, Twin Cities, Atlanta, Boston, Houston, and Southern New England.

Next year, the roster may include as many as 15 teams or more, with such cities as Birmingham, Cleveland, Sacramento, Pittsburgh, Wash-

ington (D.C.), Tulsa, Kansas City, and Omaha, each indicating an interest in sending a championship team. (As of this writing, the location for next year's World Series has not been decided.)

Previous competitions have been in New York (2nd), Milwaukee (3rd), Los Angeles (4th), and Toronto (5th), with the Milwaukee event still standing out as the most fabulous World Series held so far. We of the World Series Committee, however, are determined to make this 6th contest THE memorable Series for many years to come, and we hope that the Gay people of San Francisco and the Bay Area will share this enthusiasm with us and support us in this effort.

But to make this World Series successful, we need your help. The GSWS VI Committee cannot do all the work and raise all the necessary funds by ourselves. You can help make this Series successful by 1) donating some of your time, 2) assisting us financially, 3) providing housing for out-of-town participants, and/or 4) helping in any way you feel you can contribute. If you would like to be involved (or need any additional information), you may call me at (415) 621-3788.

Also, please look over the following schedule of events. All of these events will give you a fun day/evening in exchange for your involvement.

**April 10** - Amateur Night. 8pm. California Club on Clay St. (Polk/Van Ness). A fun evening of seriously outrageous performances. Tickets \$5.

**April 18** - Gay Softball League Opening Day Ceremonies. Noon. Lang Field (Turk/Gough). After-Game party at the Stables (7th/Folsom).

**May 1** - Disco Party. 10pm to 6am. Fantasy Hall (736 Larkin). Tickets will be \$10, with an open bar.

**May 8** - Auction at Big Ma-ma's in Hayward. 4-8pm, with buffet.

In addition, we are selling \$1 raffle tickets for a Dodge Miser truck (or \$4,000 cash) and will be selling pins and T-shirts embellished with the World Series VI logo at nearly every GSL event.

In conclusion, I hope you will all come out to support and to enjoy this 6th World Series of Gay Softball and help us make it the Gay sports highlight of the year. ■

## Gay Olympic Bowling

Local eliminations to select members and individual representatives for San Francisco's Gay Olympic Games Bowling teams will begin on Saturday, April 17. One male and one female team, each with five members, are the goal of the eliminations. Individual qualifying will narrow down to the top six men and women. These elimination tournaments, it should be noted, are solely for the purpose of selecting representatives for San Francisco's Olympic Bowling teams.

Individual competition will take place on two weekends, April 17-18 and 24-25. Team competition will be held on May 1 and 2. All competition will be bowled on strictly a scratch basis with no handicap involved. Entry forms should be filed immediately so that qualifying teams can be scheduled. These are available at Park Bowl on Haight Street, which will host both the local qualifying tournaments and the Gay Olympic Bowling competition in August.

Gay Olympic Bowling Team members will be furnished with T-shirts and have their entry fees to the Olympics paid for them. If you are a bowler, regardless of type, involvement in the Olympics is an event that should not be passed by, and co-chairs for the local competition Melanie Coyle and John Brown urge your participation. For more information, contact them at Park Bowl or the Gay Olympics Office, 597 Castro Street.

## Parade Youth

The first Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Committee - Youth Liaison Subcommittee meeting is on Wednesday, April 7, from 6:30 to 8:45pm in the Lurie Room of the Main Library. Info: 552-6025.

## UPDATE '82 OLYMPICS

TOM WADDELL, M.D.

## Five Hundred And Sixty-Seven Positions

Did you know that San Francisco will be represented with thirty-two separate teams in seventeen different sports in the Gay Olympic Games? That's actually five hundred sixty-seven positions for San Francisco's gay men and women athletes.

Did you know that these teams have already started practicing in facilities all over the city? Don't panic though, there's still time and plenty of opportunities before the final trials. If you're not interested in competing you can also go and just observe your favorite teams during work-outs. I think you'll find that athletes are generally good at theater and respond well to an audience.

The individual teams are attempting to raise their own revenues to purchase uniforms and equipment and to rent their own practice facilities. Because of the diversity in their needs, some teams have had an easier time at fundraising than others. The wrestling team for example, is relatively small and their practice sessions take up a great deal of time. On top of that (no pun intended), they have had difficulty finding the right space with adequate mats. The swimming team has been having to practice in dozens of small pools until they get the use of the Martin Luther King Pool in late April.

The men's and women's track and field team on the other hand, have easy access to the excellent all-weather track at McAteer High School, but have not been able to generate enough funds for starting blocks.

Mark Brown, Chairman of the Sports Committee, met with his chairpersons and coaches last Thursday and made a number of significant decisions.

1) Each chairperson named a date for the final trials in their respective sports to select the members for their San Francisco Team. These dates will be published soon. 2) The city colors of blue, white, and gold, will be used for all competitive uniforms. The basic color will be the blue, with white stripes and the lettering for "San Francisco" in gold. 3) Each team pledged to raise money for its own competitive uniforms and registration fee. It was unanimously agreed upon that the Gay Olympic Teams should retain autonomy from the Gay Olympic Organizing Committee. To have it otherwise would be a conflict of interest. 4) The Opening and Closing Day (Marching) uniforms would depend on fundraising by the combined individual teams which make up the San Francisco Gay Olympic Team. It would be wonderful to have blazers and slacks but everyone agreed that warm-up suits would suffice if funds were short. I mentioned that the Washington, D.C. team had requested, because of other pressing games-related expenses, to be able to wear T-shirts with the city's name and flag along with gymnastic shorts and running shoes. The request was approved, of course.

After the trials for the teams are finished there will be a single bonafide San Francisco Olympic Team and hopefully the city will reward this team with support. It will be quite a thrill to see them lined up at Kezar for the Opening Ceremonies.

And speaking of support, Glen Mercier and Whiskey are back at their every other Tuesday night Spaghetti Feeds at the Village. Still the best food in town. Many thanks to Maurice VanEmon for the buffet and auction at his RAWHIDE on March 18. Mr. Marcus, Bob Ross, Glenn McIlhenny and Chris Puccinelli once again provided the auctioneering performances, raising \$900 and keeping the patrons in stitches. Just as many thanks to his staff of eight for the buffet and to our own staff for helping to make the event successful. Up and coming benefits are: G-40+ potluck dinner at the Unitarian Church on April 2, 7:00 p.m. Then on April 16, the inimitable Ruby Rodriguez at Albion Hall, 8:00 p.m. She is a real scream! How about joining us at TRAX for a beer bust on April 4, 4-7 p.m.?

Our new sponsors this week are: The P.S.

Previous Thanks to: Maud's/Amelia's, Twin Peaks, National Collection Agency, Castro Station, White Swallow, Hibernia/Castro, Star Pharmacy, Sausage Factory, 1808 Club, Ambush, Park Bowl, Gilmore's, Work Wonders, Norse Cove, Coits of S.F., Sutter's Mill, The Village, Midnight Sun, DeLuxe, Body Center, Hairliners, G.E.H. Associates, James W. Burge, Peter J. Olsen, D.D.S. Welcome Home, Leather Forever, Conceptual Entertainment, Good Provider, Moby Dick, Foggy City Squares, Great Outdoor Adventures, G.C. Bridge Tournament, The Mint, Acme Brewing Co., and Atlas Savings.



Practicing for the Gay Olympic Soccer team, every Saturday from 11 to 12 at McAteer High School. (Photo by Rink)



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Russ & Jim and the Staff



## ON THE MARK

### Olympic Practice and Trials

MARK BROWN

#### PRACTICE SESSIONS

The women's Basketball group meets on Thursday nights, Jackson Playground, 17th & Arkansas; the men and women Boxers square off every Saturday morning, the Armory Building, 14th & Mission; men and women Cycling enthusiasts take off from McLaren Lodge in Golden Gate Park on Sunday rides at 11 am.

The men's Soccer team goes at it every Saturday morning at McAteer High School Field, Portola & O'Shaughnessy, top of Diamond Heights. The women get together on Sunday mornings behind Kezar Stadium.

Swimming & Diving team practice, for both men and women, will start on Sunday, April 25, Martin Luther King pool in Hunters Point, 3rd & Carroll. The women's Volleyball team will meet on Saturday, April 10 & 17, Kezar Pavilion at 1 pm.

Men's and women's Track & Field practice is held every Sunday morning at the McAteer High School track field. Wrestling for men is taking place every Tuesday night at Mission High School, 18th & Church.

#### PRE-OLYMPIC TRIALS

The men's Olympic Basketball team will be picked during practice on Saturday, April 10, 3-5 pm at Kezar Pavilion. Bowling try-outs, for both men and women, are set for Park Bowl the weekends of May 15-16 and 24-25. Billiards has set Saturdays, May 19 & 27 and July 10, to pick the men and women teams, also at Park Bowl.

The men's and women's Track & Field teams will be selected Sunday, June 20, at McAteer starting at 11 am. The Wrestlers will be chosen Tuesday, May 18; and the Physique contest will take place Thursday, June 17, at the Body Center on Sutter St.

## TGWNBL

### The Season Is Christened

JERRY R. DE YOUNG

At the pre-game meeting, before the 1982 Summer season was launched, the officers and members of the TGWNBL once again demonstrated their ability to deal with some highly controversial proposals in a jovial, yet levelheaded, manner.

The first two motions to reach the floor were not controversial at all though. In fact, both of them were passed unanimously.

The first motion re-elected the five incumbent officers to another season in their present positions. (A very wise decision, I might add, considering the selfless application each rendered this past Winter season, particularly Mal Garcia and Jimmie Dragon.)

Then there was a motion put forth to boost the price of bowling from \$5.50 to \$5.75 in order to augment the prize money. In their profound wisdom, the bowlers soundly defeated this proposition.

And, finally, the 85% handicap was extended through the Summer season.

By-the-by, you may notice four new team-names on the Team-standing sheets. Well, puzzle no more. Only one of them is a genuine new addition to our League. The other three are merely transfigurations.

The Cellar Boys will henceforth be known as Fred & Ethel's. (Mertz, perchance?) The mighty Tits and Ass has become Gilmore's, while Daddy's Boys are now the Fortyninerettes.

The new team, who made their debut on the 24th by winning 2 and losing 1, is the TRAX. Welcome aboard you guys. Hope you have lots of fun and all the luck you need.

The Deluxe, Fortyninerettes, Pilsner 1, Play With It, Ltd., and the Wooden Horse won all three of their games on the first night of bowling.

While we are on the subject of winning, I have never understood how a team can win half a game. However, that is precisely what 5 Easy Pieces did. They won 2 1/4 of their 3 games played.

## SPORTS CALENDAR

### April 3-7

LES BALMAIN

3 Sat	9:00 am	G.T.F. Team Tennis Match Play Line Up vs. Leticia's 15th St. & Buena Vista Terrace
	9:30 am	R.C. Bridge Tournament Sutter's Mill, \$10 donation
	10:00 am	FrontRunners - Fun Run Stow Lake Boat House Golden Gate Park
4 Sun	11:30 am	G.T.F. Team Tennis Match Play Community Rentals vs. Twin Pks 15th St. & Buena Vista Terrace
	1:00 pm	COITS Yachtze Tournament The Mint, \$10 Donation
	9:00 am	G.T.F. Team Tennis Match Play Sutter's Mill vs. Bear Hollow 15th St. & Buena Vista Terrace
	10:00 am	FrontRunners - Fun Run Great Highway; 1-4 mi. level. Pot luck brunch after; meet at Sloat Blvd. & Great Highway.
	11:30 am	G.T.F. Team Tennis Match Play Gilmore's vs. Blue Stone Video 15th St. & Buena Vista Terrace
	6:15 pm	S.F. Women's Business Bowling League, Park Bowl

## CORNER POCKET

### Down the Stretch...

GENE MILLER

The San Francisco Pool Association's 8th season went over the hump as the midway point in the 15-week season was passed March 23. A logical time for assessment. From now on we'll be following the trophy hunt closely, and all eyes will be focused on the West Coast Challenge (July 16-18) when the top teams from Los Angeles and San Diego will visit San Francisco.

There have been a few surprises this season, more so in the individual's race than on the team side. Of last season's top ten players, only three are on the current list.

As usual, there's plenty of room for speculation when comparing the strengths of each Division. Teams were assigned to Divisions by draw, and it appears that most of the strength went to Divisions 1 and 3. Division 2 has fewer players over .700 and fewer teams over .500 than the other two, but even with such comparisons, it's difficult to predict how these teams will behave when the playoffs begin on May 18. It'll be a 12-team field, the top four receiving bye's the first round. Teams will be seeded by winning percentage, and here's how they look as of matches played March 23 (teams over .500 only, top four each Division):

DIVISION 1		
Stallion A's	78/34	.696
Rainbow Health Dept.	88/40	.687
Arena Gladiators	74/38	.660

Now here is something in which quite a few of you are probably interested: the 200-or-better listing for 3/24/82.

Dennis O'Neil	236
Andres Colon	235
John Brown	200 205 228
Art Toth	224
Dave Hobler	221
Al Gaudet	221
Bob Rolison	221
Dennis McLain	219
Lewis Williams	205
Adrian Stenson	200 205
Rick Worting	204
Larry Kramer	201

Some admirable scores there, and many more to come in the months to follow, you can bet on that.

In this first article of the Summer season, I would like to remind you that while you are striking and sparing, picking-up and missing, winning and losing... it is all for fun. If you take it too seriously then you are missing the most enjoyable part of the game, the amusement.



Mal Garcia and Sara Lewinstein, co-chairs of the Gay Olympics Bowling Team. (Photo by Rink)

White Swallow Flyers	74/54	.578	.870... Tom de Graffenried, Rookies, 14 3 .823... Tom Payne, Runaways, 21 5 .807... Jim Phillips, Lions, 22 6 .785... Gordon Bell, Raiders, 18 5 .782... Alex Abustan, Health Dept., 25 7 .781... Wayne Faulkner, Gladiators, 12 6 .777... Wil Franklin, Gladiators, 20 6 .769 and Frank Moskell, Lions, 20 6 .769.
DIVISION 2			
Arena Lions	74/38	.660	
Stables Grey	72/40	.642	
Pilsner A	81/47	.632	
Rivet Bucketeers	73/55	.570	
DIVISION 3			
Stallion Raiders	82/30	.732	
Phoenix A	81/47	.632	
Rainbow Z	79/49	.617	
DeLuxe A	77/51	.601	

The surprise is Pilsner A, who were 79/97 (.488) and 10th out of 12 in their division last season, but are currently a strong 3rd place in Division 2. SF Eagle A, also in Division 2, finished the season 20 games under .500 last season and are presently 8 games over... more fuel for the theory that Division 2 is the weakest.

Here's the current top 10, as of March 23:

Tom Sipple, Stables Grey, 26 1 .962... Wally Sutherland, Stallion A's, 22 2 .920... Kitty Stephens, Pitbulls, 27 4

The most improved players on that list are Tom Payne (up .249) and Jim Phillips (up .225). The top 16 players meet June 12 at the Arena to vie for four West Coast Challenge spots and five State championship spots.

#### THE \$50 TOURNAMENT ARRIVES

Beginning April 12, we'll have a \$50 1st prize to shoot for every Monday night. The Rawhide is hosting a 16 player tournament (8 Ball one week, 9 Ball the next), paying the top four. It's a \$50 first prize, \$20 2nd, \$16 3rd, and \$10 4th. Entry fee is \$3, and the Rawhide will match the pot. Another new one is at Bear Hollow on Mondays — you pay a dollar and the bar adds a dollar. The Arena tournament is now beginning at 4:30 sharp every Sunday (late arrivals not allowed)... Febe's tournament begins at 6:30 pm Sunday, now being run by Ruby Pelletier. The Detour's Saturday tournament now starts at noon.

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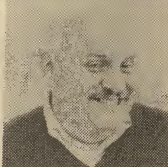
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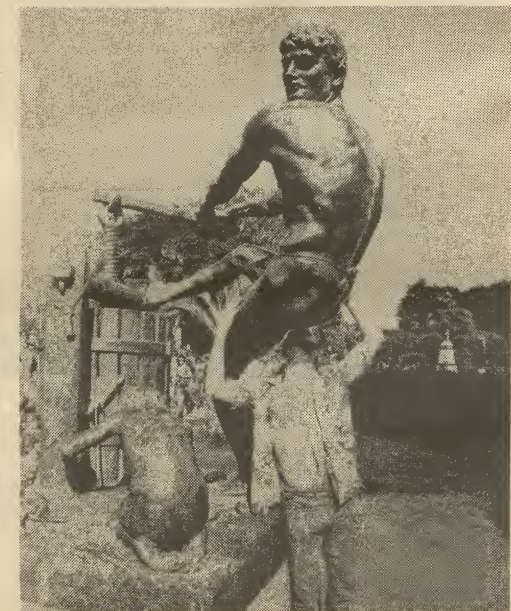
## Looking for Leather Men

SOUTHERN SCANDALS

Good day misters and misses north and south of Market and all who whip with glee. I know you're all out there celebrating National J/O Day today, a holiday whose time has come. If anybody calls you a jerkoff today, they could be right. If anybody calls you a jerk tomorrow, tell them to stop living in the past. Anyway, just a week from today is a Full Moon and if these two highlights don't make your month, try the Russian River without water. The small but intrepid band who made the trek up there last weekend for the big Drummer bash loved the entire gig, but burned mucho gas getting to and from the gas stations in Santa Rosa to douche. What a disaster. They were making international coffee at the WOODS with Perrier and the more provincial types were making it with Calistoga. Those heavenly folks who run South of Market's Arena hosted a very smart cocktail party on Friday evening but that's as far as I got. My date caught poison oak all over his vital organs within an hour after our arrival and well, who can have fun with one big bitch, make that ITCH, bitching all evening. Since Drummer's own P.T. Barnum, Karl Stewart, wasn't back in the City before my already 48-hour late deadline I will have to forego giving you the name of the winner(s) who will compete with the rest of the aspirants to the title of Mr. Drummer on April 29 at the I-BEAM of Weenies with the light brown down. Are you still with me?

Competition begins next week for the men who will carry the torch to Chicago on May 7, 8, and 9 for the International Mr. Leather Contest. The SF-EAGLE opens the season on Tuesday, April 6, and each Tuesday thereafter. On Wednesday, April 14, the BRIG will spotlight that cute Larry Glover for the fourth consecutive year as the MC in quest of Mr. Leather of San Francisco. The BRIG will have only 3 nights of competition, so if you're hanging back to see who you'll have to compete with, I don't advise it. The finals at the EAGLE will be on Tuesday, April 27, and at the BRIG, Mr. Leather of San Francisco IV will be chosen to succeed David Kloss I, Mike Martin II, and Rusty Dragon III, on Wednesday, April 28.

A little more than a week later, the big mano a mano of leatherdom unfolds at the very beautiful Park West in Chicago. Contest coordinator



Want your grapes crushed? A man can't be found any bigger or harder than this fellow. Unfortunately, as our Hawaiian-shirted friend found out, he's also cold. He'll put the screws to you anyway. (Photo by Rink)

Jim Dohr is already busier than a one-armed paper hanger getting the big show together and reports that contestants from almost 30 states are chomping at the bit and entries from Canada, Australia, Britain and Morocco are ready to jump into the fray. Suzy Parker, the #1 columnist in L.A., tells me that he hasn't heard of any Los Angeles leather bars who are sending competitors to Chicago. La Parker also told me La Kish is 52 years old and I believed her. Since that megalopolis isn't sending any leather men to Chicago, it looks like Our Town will have to carry the load again. We've triumphed two out of three times already (yea!) don't you know, and the other cities are getting extremely nervous. I've been asked to be a judge again this year, but the only thing I'm nervous about is the contestant from Detroit, the city that changed its name to "Mowdown" after the Mr. Leather of All Michigan contest where the 1st runner-up threw a six-pack at the judges in a tantrum that will haunt HER for eons. In keeping with their promise, the owners of the OUTLAW (where the contest took place) paid the winner \$100 per every inch of his dangling thing and I understand that man will have \$900 to play with while in the Windy City. I may faint ... I did faint.

Which boils down to this: Don't bother sitting alone on your broom. Tuesday and Wednesday nights in April

should be looking real good out there South of Market. The hunt for the hunkiest leather men to compete in Chicago is ON. The Castro Station, Bulldog Baths, Folsom Magazine, and other businesses will be sending men to Chicago so it looks like our city will be well represented next month.

Jim Moss, the head honcho of FOLSOM Magazine revealed last week that their award-winning BIV-OUAC last year at the Russian River (with water) will repeat this year on Saturday, May 15. The emphasis will be on safety, of course, so they are providing lots and lots of buses to transport you there. The site of this year's festivities will be the Russian River Lodge and if you're planning to go, you'd best make reservations right now. More details on this event coming soon (prices, times, etc.) so stay tuned to this page.

★ ★ ★

### SPLENDOR IN THE CRASS

Ken Burnette just skyed in from Chicago and has deposited himself in the Pine St. digs of dungeonier Mike Martin; Ken says the leather men of Chicago are still smarting over Robert Payne's searing indictment of the Mr. International Leather Contest in the latest issue of Drummer. But not to worry, I believe Mr. Payne made some very valid points in his article

(Continued on next page)

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## SWEETLIPS SEZ

### The Mists Clear ... And Lips Remembers

DICK WALTERS

Happy Birthday greetings to Bob Ross on this Friday, April 2 . . . hope you have many, many more, Bob. Remember when I opened the Kokpit on your birthday in 1970 and just a year later on the 1st of April you and Paul Bentley had the first issue of the *Bay Area Reporter* . . . how time does fly . . . especially since the 4th of April in '71 we held the first Circus-Circus at California Hall . . . and Empress Cristal's Royal Family sold genuine Snow Cones . . . what a blast that was!

Remember the writers from the first issue: Don Cavallo

the Fickle Fox wrote "Auntie Mildred's Gourmet Capers," Czarina de Miracle Mile (Paul Bentley) still on the Miracle Mile with his Video Mart shop, Empress VI wrote "Cristal's Column — The Imperial Bull Sheet," of course "Sweet Lips Sez," and a column signed "Connie" (we all know who that is). Memories are great when you re-read this paper's first year collection . . . so many of the same wonderful people are still around, but also so many great ones are no longer with us. It has been a privilege to have been with the *B.A.R.* since its inception. I am hop-



Mae, Empress of San Francisco. (Photo by Rink)

ing to be with it for many, many more years. Just a "Thank You" to the wonderful staff of the *B.A.R.*, to its publisher, Bob Ross, and to its editor, Paul Lorch.

When is Dick Chadwick going back to sea? Right after Totie's birthday on the 7th at Google's on Geary . . . Totie's 50th in case you have forgotten, but he will remind you of it all the time . . . hope Russ is back for this auspicious occasion, Totie.

Cadillac Chuck, your flyer for the birthday party is just great: hope you have finished remodeling your apartment by now, as we need you back in the Hob Nob, drinking!

Leather Forever on Polk.  
(Continued on next page)

## MR. MARCUS (Cont'd)

about the contestants. As for the contest itself, it is one of the most beautiful events to ever come along and if you've never been there, why not go this year?

Construction and remodeling has begun at the GOLD COAST. I am still unable to find out if they'll change the name or not, but I do know that one of South of Market's hottest deejays is the prime candidate to spin the vinyl when it opens and I couldn't be happier . . . If you haven't bought your one dollar raffle ticket for a round trip to Hawaii, this may be your last chance as the drawing will be tonight (Thursday) at Castro Station, and I hope they raised enough money to buy uniforms for our twirlers in the marching band. Thanks, Jimmy Ostlund, for your very fine gesture.

Congratulations to the TROCADERO TRANSFER — would you believe they celebrated their 4th Anniversary last Saturday night? In the pouring rain, a joyful crowd waited patiently to get in to help Mrs. Collier's little boy, Dick Jr. celebrate. Next Saturday, April 10, it'll be their annual WHITE party, which is not a racist event at all and you can wear any color you want (Hi Brian, baby) . . . Also congratulations to Jim Dohr in Chicago who was just named General Manager of the GOLD COAST (as if he didn't have enough to do already!).

Crawford Barton, who ranks right up there in the photography world of Robert Pruzana Dana, Rink, Mick Hicks, and Bob Zygarelicki, is justly proud of his latest show on the walls of MOBY DICK until May 12. Crawford always manages to get the most simple themes captured on film that can be a real turn-on — don't miss this show! Sirs!

If you miss your favorite barber Ron Paruszynski who ruled with razor and scissors at Sweeny Todd's in the GOLD COAST, he's relocated to the RushRiv in Guerneville right smack downtown and reservations are a MUST . . . If you're down San Jose way on Sunday, April 15, don't miss seeing the Mr. Leather of San Jose contest at the 1st Unitarian Church hall; tickets are \$5 in advance or \$7 at the door. The winner will represent LAMBDA NEWS in Chicago, and everyone's right proud to see San Jose represented this year.

They said keep it light and breezy and that's what I've tried to do. Take care and if you go to Detroit, be on the lookout for a dude who throws six-packs and for another dude who would like nothing better than to have you stick your head up his — proving the dildo industry may be in for a huge slump if these practices catch on. See you around the campus, and especially every Tuesday and Wednesday on the Miracle Mile in April. ■

MISTER MARCUS

*My sincerest thanks to all who  
helped me during my recent illness.*

*Words alone cannot convey my feelings  
to everyone.*

Sincerely,  
Darryl Glied  
(White Swallow)

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# The Investiture of Mae, Empress de San Francisco



Lou Greene copped a feel from Phyllis. (Photo by Rink)



Empress Mae gave Jason a kiss before she gave him some playful whips. (Photo by Rink)



The Alameda County Imperial Empire was well represented at the Investiture. Emperor Tony Valentine is front, second from left. In the second row, Fat Fairy (second from left), and former Emperor and Empress, Chuck and Carla. (Photo by Rink)



The Imperial Crown itself, awaiting the moment it will crown the new Empress. (Photo by Rink)

## SWEET LIPS (Cont'd)

next to the White Swallow, has some of the finest in leather goods and a very efficient and capable staff to help you pick out your needs, so do drop in and try them.

Watch out, San Francisco.

Nora aka Ms. Oakland has a five-week vacation coming up and is sure to spend it in town here creating havoc wherever possible . . . only kidding, Nora!

Hazel McGuinnis is now playing piano at Sabatini's in

the California Hotel Tuesdays through Thursdays from 6 til 9pm during the dinner hours . . .

Scotty Douglas is on the plank, and Sabatini's is co-owned by Al Malonovich (Dalt Club days) . . . so drop down and give Hazel some inspiration to play more and talk less. Love you!

Incidentally, Hazel is still at the Pines, Sundays from Noon til 4. The Pines is having an Easter Hat Brunch Sunday, April 11, so wear an Easter Hat and \$1 is knocked off the price of the brunch.

John and Virginia's Stage Deli on Geary still has some of the finest kosher food in the city and with some great help there, Budah (chef) and Ethel (Jay Noonan) in the kitchen . . . and wait till you meet the deli man, Bobby; he puts a sandwich together perfectly. They are open 24 hours a day, so if you are out early or late, stop into the Stage Deli for some good

food.

The Vagabond on O'Farrell and Larkin has the great Bill on the plank in the afternoons as well as Jerry, so drop by and have a libation with these two personable people.

Rome is starting nights on the 7th of this month at Old Rick's Gold Room on Geary St., so do drop by and say hi to this personable guy . . . understand your sister is still recuperating from her last visit here. Rome . . . love her and, of course, you. But five nights on the plank is a little too much, guess Ms. Minnie will be happy that you can't go to Reno as often.

Joe Urban, where have you and Phillip been hiding lately? Have only seen you once since your return from Vancouver. Stopped by Castro Street — Urban Country florists Saturday and, of course, you were in the house and the great Pussy was holding forth on the street. Hi, Rose!

Incidentally, if you would like something different and unusual in stained glass, give a call to Tony Nemger at 285-1337. I am sure you'll like the work that he does. He told me at Gilmore's, where he is temporarily tending bar, that there is going to be an exhibit of stained glass and you can watch them work in the near future. It is to be a benefit for the Gay Olympics . . . I'll let you know more as I find out from Tony!

Here's a letter my old friend Dixon sent to mark the B.A.R.'s anniversary . . . and she's still as dishy as ever . . . love ya, Sally!

## My Dear B.A.R. Staff:

Guess who? I couldn't let your 12th anniversary roll by without congratulating you for a constant high level, intelligent approach reporting news important to the Gay and Straight communities. Nooooooooo, this is not Chuck Morris.

Blush to tell you the last time I dropped a few lines was on your 10th anniversary! My, my how time flies — when you have nothing to say.

By the way, the 10th anniversary of the S.F. Closet Ball is due soon. Applications are already pouring in for this not-so-simple . . . anymore . . . fun event. I had the dubious pleasure of creating and sponsoring the infamous Tacky Ruth ten years ago at the first Closet Ball. We won, beating out the likes of Luscious Lorelei, Reba-Ruth Rattlesnake, Vera Charles, Pat Montclair, and a host of other clever sponsors. To think I helped loose Tacky Ruth on polite society. Boggles the mind!

It's hard to believe almost a year has elapsed since my transfer to the marvelous Mint from the world-famous \*P.S. My new home is a brilliant combo of neighborhood bar, swinging piano bar, excellent restaurant (thanks to Gordon Jones and Erica Green) with just enough transients and amateur drinkers to keep everything varied and interesting. All this topped off by the Western Electric Band, brunch, dancing every Sunday.

The Mint has great new neighbors, too. Atlas Savings & Loan is right across the street. I see the dynamite Charlotte Coleman more now than I did when she owned The Mint . . . busily scurrying around doing a lot of the leg-work for Atlas.

Just heard from my buddy across town. Sweet, demure Rabbit-Lips of the Hob Nob checking in. Lips is a spectacular conversationalist . . . dish . . . dirt. Always ready to exchange pleasantries, whether you want to or not. Have you seen Lips' new mature figure?

Well, luvs . . . have ramblod on enough. Again, my very best wishes for your continued success on your 13th. Say hello to everyone for me. See you in the news or about.

Cheers,

Dixon  
(Polk Street Sally)

P.S. Will the party who left his metal-studded leather harness in the john at The Mint kindly drop by and claim same? You scared the shit out of our swamper . . . besides, we want to take a couple of pictures . . .

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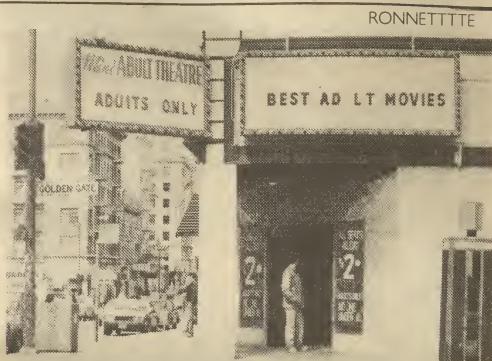
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## PORN CORNER

### Crotch Contact

A Gay Man at Straight Theatres, Part II



One of the more tasteless theatres in town, the Mini-Adult. How tasteless? Their last feature was NEGROES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. (Photo by Rink)

Eight straight porno theaters are listed in San Francisco's daily newspapers. There are four unlisted: The Gaiety, the Adult Art I and II, the beautiful Mini-Adult, and the only porn palace in town I've never visited, located somewhere south of Sixth and Mission, in those regions where the truly tasteful fear to tread, and which has, as far as I can tell, no name. With such pornocopia, the writer who bitches surely must be called dyspeptic. Things, however, are not always as they appear. For example, the Presidio and Centre Theaters, owned by the same person who owns the North Beach houses, the Kearny and the North Beach, consistently book the same movies. The paper I'm looking at advertises *Oriental Babysitter* and *Oriental Ecstasy Girls* for both theaters. The former is a Linda Wong epic from the 70's, the latter a series of sex scenes sloppily spliced together and once again starring John "The Wadd" Homely. (With a face like that he needs fourteen inches.) The loop proudly declared that this crass little monstrosity was "brought to me by the same people who brought me *Ecstasy Girls*." (You mean you missed *Ecstasy Girls*?) Though it is also a product of the 70's, the quality of the film is circa 1947 home movie. By now these films should be lost on a shelf somewhere, tastefully disintegrating, not booked in two major urban cinemas. Faced with the fact that you are fleeced of five bucks to see this fiasco, I can only ask: where is fundamentalist Islamic justice when you need it?

A momentary diversion: This worry over what picture is playing where probably seems the most nit-picky cavilling to some of you. When I asked one friend of mine who had gone to the Nob Hill how he'd liked the movie, he replied, a look of total befuddlement on his face, "What movie?" There have been times when, suffering from that dreaded Gay disease *penisitis deprivititis*, I have gone to the straight porns hoping to connect; these ventures have proven to be acts of the most misguided optimism, for such connections are serendipital and can no more be forced or willed than true love. "The ideal situation," said yet another filth-loving friend of mine, "is to go for both. I usually watch the movies through once and then check out the audience." It is the visceral connection with the movie which has always fascinated and delighted me, and

Athena, whether by accident or design, has somehow created what by right should be an underground bisexual classic, *Masters of Discipline*, which explores how two good-looking kinky machos get off on each other through the medium of a woman and what can only be described as S&M theater.

When my eyes were accustomed to the glow of gloomy movielight, they could see that Tuesday early afternoon was not really rush hour at the North Beach: there were three other men in the theater, which seemed the slimiest of pickings. I noticed even through the near impenetrable blackness that one man in an aisle seat was passing fair and that he was masturbating. I sat on the aisle across and behind him, not from any personal modesty, but because it was the perfect position for voyeurism

rudely entered the theater — and sat down where? In a totally empty theater, the parked right next to me. Things just weren't the same after this.

Refusing to call it the end of my idle idyll, I braved the blinding daylight as far as the next-door theater, the Kearny. The titles here had a little more poetry: C. J. Laing in *Daughters of Discipline*,

Vanessa del Rio in *House of Discipline*, and Terri Hall in *Terri's Revenge*. I walked in on the second title: it was not San Franciscan homegrown; it was dirty, filthy, nasty New York smut — quite riveting. This theater was a little more crowded than the first. I checked out the back row (I read graffiti somewhere that said "Back Row Shows Hard")

(Continued on next page)



Market Street's Sex Center: three in a row. "That way I don't have to take a taxi between theatres," says writer Ronnett. "I can just crawl." (Photo by Rink)

lately (i.e. the last eight years) finding a movie that keeps me awake, let alone erect, is difficult. The new Joe Gage movie at the Nob Hill Cinema, *Heatstroke*, was my most recent experience of crotch connection with a film. It is by far the best of the Gage sex film epics, a joyous paean (in the language of movie blurbs) to nastiness. (My favorite line was "Fuck that dirty hole, buddy" — or did I hear that at the Caldron?)

Sacrificing everything for my readers, I suffered Muni to North Beach to find if there were men or movies to be seen there. On my way over I noticed that on this last week of February, 1982, 7th and Market is something of a John Holmes Mini-Festival. Three theaters in a row are showing his films, surely making the incarcerated Mr. Holmes the most visible invisible actor on the screen today. There was the aforementioned spine-tingler *Oriental Ecstasy Girls*, plus *Lusty Princess* at the Pussycat, and my personal Holmes favorite, *Eruption*, at the Cinema, a film noteworthy for its handsome and bearded second male lead who needs neither name nor donkey dick to be noticed, and the very lovely and omnivorous Leslie Bovee. (If my mother had named me Leslie Bovee, things, I'm sure, would be very different now.)

I went first to the North Beach, a clean, well-appointed theater which specializes in San Francisco, home-made S&M films. The features gracing the screen now bear the rather unambiguous titles *Crack the Whip* and *Spank Me to Heaven*. We owe these little gems to Athena Film Corps, owned by someone who obviously wants to make his or her fetish his or her life. These two films are undistinguished, remarkably slow-paced even by the trance-like standards of porn, and unintentionally humorous. Cast is minimal and production quality is... but why go on.

a potentially skittish straight man. This tasteful and quiet voyeurism might not seem like much to you, but to me it was heaven — at least until a shaft of light and a straight couple from Orinda — they had to be from Orinda —

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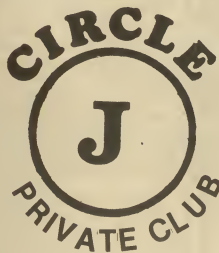
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## PORN CORNER

### Leo Rising

KARR

If Leo Ford had black hair, his photographs would probably cause me to fall over with nervous apoplexy. Even without fulfilling my dark hair mania, everything Leo's got gets me shaky anyway.

Celebrity hit Leo quickly, and his porno career is still brand new. In a rush he made his first three films, and has been featured in at least three nationally distributed Gay glossies before gracing the *B.A.R.* The demands on a new star are great (Leo says that during his performances in New York a manic audience nearly ate him alive), but he's here at last.

I could write a bio of Leo (before the debut exposure of his charms in *In Touch* magazine, Leo installed burglar alarms in Laguna) or give you the run-down on the splash he made when entering the field. But that would limit the space for pictures.

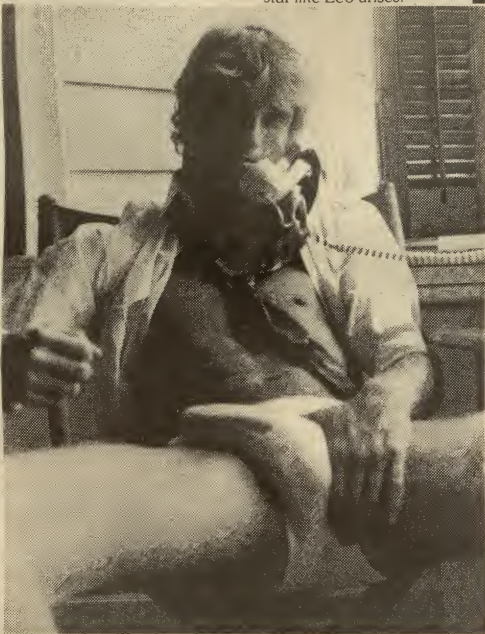
Leo's then-current lover Jaime Wingo introduced him to J. Brian, who not only signed the couple for *Flashbacks*, Leo's first movie, but has become his professional guide and photographer. Leo next filmed a walk-on (or, as I call it, a lie-down, since he spends most of his time on his back) in *The Summer of Scott Noll*. He then totally upstaged that flick with his live show at the movie's New York premiere. The live show was to be encored at the Nob Hill, but was overridden as Leo took time out for illness, film openings in L.A. and Las Vegas, plus shooting schedules in Hawaii for a new movie.

He has had time, however, to produce some excellent photo sets. Photography for the solo sets is by J. Brian, which insures a high standard. Leo himself took some photos of himself with boys he met in New York. Thanks to shutter delay, we can see Leo impaled in some memorable positions and filling some appreciative mouths. Brian states that set #8 ("Joe" giving Leo head) is the most popular Leo's made, and set #7 has some hair-raising fucking shots.

But that doesn't mean the solo sets are mild in comparison. Said Brian, "Every time I photograph a model, I'm trying to turn myself on." With a model as photogenic as Leo, that turn-on is clearly obvious.

So are Leo's attributes. Handsome, muscular and hard, he's got a rippled stomach with a flat, nearly con-

cave lower abdomen, gliding into the most charismatic erection since Dak brought fame to Target Studios. Photos reproduced here come from set #2, *Outdoors*, and an as yet unnumbered set (probably #13) of indoor shots. This is the latter photos' first appearance, since they have not even been announced yet in Leo's mailers. Most sets are in color. A statement that you're over 21 will put you on the mailing list. Write Leo Ford, 470 Castro Street, Suite 207, Box 3248,



### RONNETTTTTE

(Continued from Page 43)

and, like everyone else, I believe everything I read) but it was empty. I walked to the front and — bless my soul — there was a large, bearded man with a large, bearded cock unabashedly in hand. Music:

I took one look at you  
That's all I meant to do  
And then my heart...

etc. Even with the blatant, I advise constant caution *a theatre*. I sat at the end of the row, removed by own humble member, and played my favorite game "Show It." His reciprocation showing enthusiasm, I moved to the center of the row, then one seat away, then finally to the seat next to him. He had a handsome face, piercing eyes, a belly, and (I discovered as he whispered, "I'd like to see my cock going in and out of

your asshole") fecal ozostomia. He continued whispering smelly little nothings in my ear, but, what can I say, the fantasy was more interesting at a six-feet remove.

The movies were fun. *Terri's Revenge* was made by Zebedy Colt, who with Jamie Gillis has the distinction of being the only male porn star featured in both straight and Gay porn: as the manservant in Gerard Damiano's *Story of Joanna*. Mr. Colt gives Mr. Gillis one of the few man-to-man blow jobs I've seen on the straight screen. Zebedy's films are distinguished by a strong fantasy element, generosity of exhibitionistic sex, and almost Elizabethan histrionics. The Bijou Theater is always reviving his *The Devil Inside Her* which I heartily recommend for its star, Rod Dumont, who as a Colt and Target model called himself Nick: with genitalia so large and sculptured, he should be called Rod DuCiel. *Terri's Revenge*, it turns out, is to tie up a handsome New York Latino, bind his sizable balls, and stick them up her quivering quim; but it was the scene in which Ms. Hall makes her transformation from loving wife to castrating female rapist, when she is forced to suck off both her husband and his friend, that, as they looked at each other dick-to-dick in her mouth, made me come.

So you see, there is something to do in North Beach.

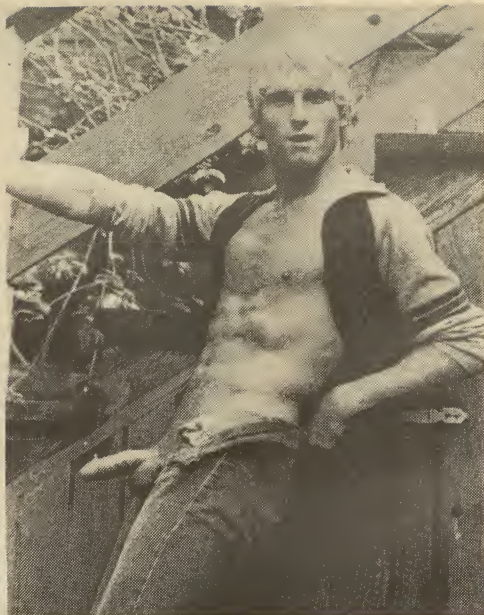
Ronnetttt

ED. NOTE: We hit three dictionaries before consulting Webster's Unabridged to find the meaning of "ozostomia." It's bad breath.

San Francisco, CA 94114.

Leo's credits mount rapidly. (So does Leo.) He was paid more for one day of filming in New York than has ever been paid in the business before. And Leo's younger brother (who, natch, is bigger than Leo) offered me the top- per. Mark Ford is just recently out of the service, and has been staying at Leo's place in San Francisco. He's obviously been waiting for someone to ask what he thinks of his brother, for his deliciously leading answer is ready. "I think he's hot. I love to take him to bed."

It's a delightfully silly world, this porno biz. One that becomes quite serious, when a star like Leo arises.



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## TALES OF TESSI TURA

(Continued from Page 34)

there's lots of them around," Zerbinetta admonished the audience.

Contrasting Zerbinetta's streetwise advice with the drawn out suffering of romantics like Gilda and Ariadne only served to remind me of my draft physical years ago. Terrified that I would be shipped off to Viet Nam post haste, I consulted one friend

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Wanted - slim, athletic Asian for houseboy masseur. Steve, 626-1848. E14

**Studio West**  
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**Bartender Barback**  
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Ask for D.J.  
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Experience Necessary

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Applications now being accepted at 132 Turk, Fridays from 10am to 12pm. References checked.

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Trim, 6' 1, 50's loves very hard deep non-sex massage. Will give music, language instruction in exchange. Don, POB 31519, SF, CA 94131. E13

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**HYPNOSIS WORKS!**  
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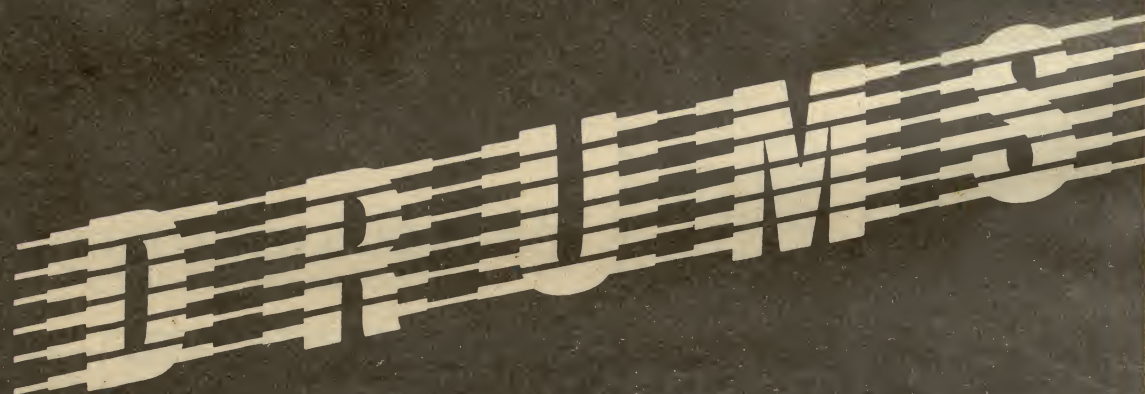
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